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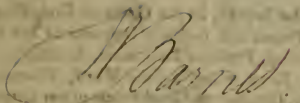

GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, Citizens and Booksellers of our City of *London*, have by their Petition humbly represented unto Us, that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the WHOLE WORKS of the late Doctor ISAAC WATTS, and that they are now printing and preparing for the Press, new Editions with Improvements of several of the separate Pieces of the said Doctor *Isaac Watts*. They have therefore most humbly prayed Us, that We would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of public Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the said *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof; or printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril: whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of our City of *London*, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein signified.

Given at our Court at St *James*'s the Twenty First Day of *March*, 1753, in the Thirty First Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

W. PITT.

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THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW TESTAMENT.

And applied to the

CHRISTIAN STATE and WORSHIP.

WITH THE

PREFACE AND NOTES.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All Things must be fulfilled which were written in—the* Psalms *concerning me.*
Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, *and the Prophets*, ver. 40. *—That they without us should not be made perfect.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, and T. LONGMAN, in Paternoster-Row; J. RIVINGTON, in St Paul's Church-Yard; E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry; T. FIELD and Co in Leadenhall-Street; and W. DAVENHILL, in Cornhill.

M DCC LXXII.

THE PREFACE

OR

An Inquiry into the right Way of fitting the Book of PSALMS for Christian Worship.

THOUGH the PSALMS of David are a Work of admirable and divine Composure, though they contain the noblest Sentiments of Piety, and breathe a most [illegible] Spirit of Devotion, yet when the best of Christians attempt to sing many of them to our common Pleasure, the Spirit of Devotion [illegible], and [illegible] the Claim [illegible] Lyrical [illegible] of the holy Pleasure.

I have to render the Reasons of *n*, I would give this [illegible] of the chief, namely, That the Royal Psalmist have expressed his own Concerns, in Words exactly dated to his own Occasions, agreeable to the [illegible] Concerns, and in the language of his own Religious Christianity the Springs of pious Passion awake, when every Live and [illegible] to [illegible] affects himself, this naturally [illegible] in a devout Mind, a more lively and [illegible] Worship. But when we [illegible] Christians sing the same Lines, we expect nothing but the Character, the Occasion, and the Religion of

THE PREFACE:

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An Inquiry into the right Way of fitting the Book of PSALMS for Christian Worship.

THOUGH the PSALMS of David are a Work of admirable and divine Compoſure, though they contain the nobleſt Sentiments of Piety, and breathe a moſt exalted Spirit of Devotion; yet when the beſt of Chriſtians attempt to ſing many of them in our common Tranſlation, that Spirit of Devotion vaniſhes, and is loſt, the Pſalm dies upon their Lips, and they feel ſcarce any thing of the holy Pleaſure.

IF I were to render the Reaſons of it, I would give this for one of the chief, namely, That the Royal Pſalmiſt here expreſſes his own Concerns, in Words exactly ſuited to his own Thoughts, agreeable to his own perſonal Character, and in the Language of his own Religion: This keeps all the Springs of pious Paſſion awake, when every Line and Syllable ſo nearly affects himſelf; this naturally raiſes in a devout Mind, a more lively and tranſporting Worſhip. But when we who are Chriſtians ſing the ſame Lines, we expreſs nothing but the Character, the Concerns, and the Religion of

the Jewish King. While our own Circumstances, and our own Religion, (which are so widely different from his) have little to do in the sacred Song; and our Affections want something of Property or Interest in the Words, to awaken them at first, and to keep them lively.

IF this *Attempt* of mine, through the divine Blessing, become so happy as to remove this great Inconvenience, and to introduce warm Devotion into this Part of divine Worship, I shall esteem it an honourable Service done to the Church of CHRIST.

IT is necessary therefore that I should here inform my Readers at large, what the Title-page expresses in a shorter Way; and assure them, that they are not to expect in this Book an exact Translation of the PSALMS OF DAVID: For if I had not conceived a different Design from all that have gone before me in this Work, I had never attempted a Service so full of Labour, though I must confess it has not wanted its Pleasure too.

IN order to give a plain Account of my present Undertaking, I shall first represent the Methods that my Predecessors have followed in their Versions; in the next Place, I hope to make it evident, that those Methods can never attain the noblest and highest Ends of *Christian Psalmody*; and then describe the Course that I have taken, different from them all, together with some brief Hints of the Reasons that induced me to it.

FIRST, I will represent the *Methods that my Predecessors have followed.* I have seen above twenty Versions of the Psalter, by Persons of richer and meaner Talents; and how various soever their Professions and their Prefaces are, yet in the Performances they all seem to aim at this one Point, namely, to make the Hebrew Psalmist only speak English, and keep all his own Characters still.

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Whereſoever the Pſalm introduces him as a Soldier, or a Prophet, as a Shepherd or a great Muſician, as a King on the Throne, or as a Fugitive in the Wilderneſs, the Tranſlators ever repreſent him in the ſame Circumſtances. Some of them lead an Aſſembly of common Chriſtians to worſhip God, as near as poſſible, in thoſe very Words; and they generally agree alſo to perform and repeat that Worſhip in the ancient Jewiſh Forms, wherever the Pſalmiſt uſes them.

THERE are ſeveral Pſalms indeed, which have ſcarce any Thing in them perſonal or peculiar to David or the Jews; ſuch as *Pſalm* i. xix. xxv. xxvii. lxvii. c. &c. and theſe, if tranſlated into the plain national Language, are very proper Materials for Pſalmody in all Times and Places; but there are but a few of this Kind, in Compariſon of the great Number which have ſomething of Perſonal Concerns, Prophetical Darkneſſes, Hebraiſms, or Jewiſh Affairs mingled with them.

I CONFESS, Mr Milburn and Mr Darby, (though in very different Verſe) have now and then given an Evangelick Turn to the Hebrew Senſe; and Dr Patrick hath gone ſo much beyond them in this Reſpect, that he hath made uſe of the preſent Language of Chriſtians in ſeveral Pſalms, and left out many of the Judaiſms. This is the Thing that hath introduced him into the Favour of ſo many religious Aſſemblies; even thoſe very Perſons that have an Averſion to ſing any thing in Worſhip but David's Pſalms, have been led inſenſibly to fall in with Dr Patrick's Performance by a Reliſh of pious Pleaſure; never conſidering that his Work is by no Means a juſt Tranſlation, but a Paraphraſe; and there are ſcarce any that have departed farther from the inſpired Words of Scripture, than he hath often done, in order to ſuit his Thoughts to the State and Worſhip of Chriſtianity. This I

esteem his peculiar Excellency in those Psalms wherein he has practised it: This I have made my chief Care and Business in every Psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the Art of Verse, and yet I have often kept nearer to the Text.

But, after all, this good Man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by Custom, as to make all the other personal Characters and Circumstances of David appear strong and plain, except that of a Jew; and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer Terms than the Original. This will appear to any one that compares these following Texts in Dr Patrick with the Bible, namely, *Psalm* iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5. and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. and cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and several others: So that it is hard to find, even in his Version, six or eight Stanzas together in any Psalm (that has personal or national Affairs in it) so fit to be assumed by a vulgar Christian, or so proper to be sung by a whole Congregation. This renders the due Performance of Psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the Verses: But it is extremely troublesom in those Assemblies where the Psalm is sung without reading it Line by Line, which yet is, beyond all Exception, the truest and the best Method: For in this Way of singing there can be no Omission of a Verse, though it be never so improper; but the whole Church must run down to the next Division of the Psalm, and sing all that comes next to their Lips, till the Clerk puts them to Silence. Or, to remedy this Inconvenience, if a wise Man leads the Song, he dwells always upon four or five and twenty Pieces of some select Psalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow Round still, for want of larger Provision suited to our present Circumstances.

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I MIGHT here also remark, to what a hard Shift the Minister is put to find proper Hymns at the Celebration of the *Lord's Supper*, where the People will sing nothing but out of David's Psalm-Book: How perpetually do they repeat some Part of the xxiiid or the cxviiith Psalm? and confine all the glorious Joy and Melody of that Ordinance to a few obscure Lines, because the Translators have not indulged an Evangelical Turn to the Words of David? no not in those very Places where the Jewish Psalmist seems to mean the Gospel; but as excellent a Poet as he was, he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the Infancy of that Dispensation, and longs for the Aid of a Christian Writer. Though, to speak my own Sense freely, I do not think David ever wrote a Psalm of sufficient Glory and Sweetness, to represent the Blessings of this holy Institution of CHRIST, even though it were explained by a copious Commentator; therefore it is my Opinion, that other *Spiritual Songs* should sometimes be used to render Christian Psalmody complete. But this is not my present Business, and I have written on this Subject elsewhere.

TO proceed to the *Second Part* of my Preface, which is to shew, *how insufficient a strict Translation of the Psalms is to attain the designed End.*

THERE are several Songs of this Royal Author, that seem improper for any Person besides himself; so that I cannot believe that the *Whole Book of Psalms* (even in the Original) was appointed by GOD for the ordinary and constant Worship of the Jewish Sanctuary, or the Synagogues, though several of them might be often sung; much less are they all proper for a Christian Church: Yet the Way of a close Translation of this whole Book of Hebrew Psalms for English and Christian Psalmody, has generally obtained among us.

SOME pretend, it is but *a just Respect for the Holy Scriptures*; for they have imbibed a fond Opinion from their very Childhood, that nothing is to be sung at Church but the inspired Writings, how different soever the Sense is from our present State. But this Opinion has been taken upon Trust by the most Part of its Advocates, and borrowed chiefly from Education, Custom, and the Authority of others; which, if duly examined, will appear to have been built upon too slight and feeble Foundations; the Weakness of it I shall shew more at large in another Place: But it appears of itself more eminently inconsistent in those Persons that scruple to address GOD in Prose in any precomposed Forms whatsoever; and they give this Reason, because they cannot be fitted to all our present Occasions; and yet in Verse they confine their Addresses to such Forms as were fitted chiefly for Jewish Worshippers, and for the special Occasions of David the King.

OTHERS maintain, that a strict and scrupulous Confinement to the Sense of the Original is necessary *to do Justice to the Royal Author*: But in my Judgment, the Royal Author is most honoured when he is made most intelligible; and when his admirable Composures are copied in such Language, as gives Light and Joy to the Saints that live two thousand Years after him: Whereas such a mere Translation of all his Verse into English, to be sung in our Worship, seems to darken our Religion, by running back again to Judaism, it damps our Delight, and almost forbids the Christian Worshipper to pursue the Song. How can we assume to ourselves all his Words in our personal or public Addresses to GOD, when our Condition of Life, our Time, Place, and Religion, are so vastly different from those of David?

I GRANT

I GRANT it is neceſſary and proper, that in tranſlating every Part of Scripture for our *Reading* or *Hearing*, the Senſe of the Original ſhould be exactly and faithfully repreſented; for there we learn what GOD ſays to us in his Word. But in *Singing*, for the moſt Part, the Caſe is altered: For as the greateſt Number of the Pſalms are devotional, and there the Pſalmiſts expreſs their own perſonal or national Concerns; ſo we are taught by their Example, what is the chief Deſign of Pſalmody, namely, that we ſhould repreſent our own Senſe of Things in Singing, and addreſs ourſelves to GOD, expreſſing our own Caſe; therefore the Words ſhould be ſo far adapted to the general State of the Worſhippers, as that we might ſeldom ſing thoſe Expreſſions in which we have no Concern: Or at leaſt our Tranſlators of the Pſalms ſhould obſerve this Rule, that when the peculiar Circumſtances of ancient Saints are formed into a Song, for our preſent and public Uſe, they ſhould be related rather in an hiſtorical Manner; and not retain the perſonal Pronouns *I* and *We*, where the Tranſactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our Perſons, Churches, or Nation.

MOSES, Deborah, and the Princes of Iſrael; David, Aſaph, and Habakkuk, and all the Saints under the Jewiſh State, ſung their own Joys and Victories, their own Hopes and Fears and Deliverances, as I hinted before; and why muſt we, under the Goſpel, ſing nothing elſe but the Joys, Hopes and Fears of Aſaph and David? Why muſt Chriſtians be forbid all other Melody, but what ariſes from the Victories and Deliverances of the Jews? David would have thought it very hard to have been confined to the Words of Moſes, and ſung nothing elſe on all his rejoicing Days, but the drowning of Pharaoh in the Fifteenth of Exodus. He might have ſuppoſed it a little unreaſonable,

when he had peculiar Occasions of mournful Musick, if he had been forced to keep close to *Moses's Prayer* in the Ninetieth Psalm, and always sung over the *Shortness of human Life*, especially if he were not permitted the Liberty of a Paraphrase: And yet the special Concerns of David and Moses were much more akin to each other, than ours are to either of them; and they were both of the same Religion, but ours is very different.

It is true, that David has left us a richer Variety of holy Songs than all that went before him; but, rich as it is, it is still far short of the glorious Things that we Christians have to sing before the Lord. We, and our Churches, have our own special Affairs as well as they: Now, if by a little Turn of their Words, or by the Change of a short Sentence, we may express our own Meditations, Joys and Desires in the Verse of those ancient Psalmists, why should we be forbid this sweet Privilege? Why should we, under the Christian Dispensation, be tied up to Forms more than the Jews themselves were, and such as are much more improper for our Age and State too? Let us remember, that the very Power of *Singing* was given to human Nature chiefly for this Purpose, that our own warmest Affections of Soul might break out into natural or divine Melody, and that the Tongue of the Worshipper might express his own Heart.

I confess it is not unlawful, nor absurd, for a Person of Knowledge and Skill in divine Things, to sing any Part of the Jewish Psalm-book, and consider it merely as the *Word of* God; from which, by wise Meditation, he may draw some pious Inferences for his own Use: for Instruction is allowed to be one End of Psalmody. But where the Words are obscure Hebraisms, or where the Poet personates a Jew, a Soldier, or a King, speaking to himself, or to God, this Mode of Instruction in a Song seems

not

not so natural or easy even to the most skilful Christian, and it is almost impracticable to the greatest Part of Mankind. And both the Wise and the Weak must confess this, that it does by no Means raise their own Devotion so well, as if they were speaking in their own Persons, and expressing their own Sense. Besides that, the weaker Christian is ready to chime in with the Words he sings, and use them as his own, though they are never so foreign to his Purpose.

Now though it cannot be, that a large Book of lively Devotions should be so framed, as to have every Line perfectly suited to all the Circumstances of every Worshipper; but, after the Writer's utmost Care, there will still be room for Christian Wisdom to exercise the Thoughts aright in Singing, when the Words seem improper to our particular Case: Yet, as far as possible, every Difficulty of this kind should be removed, and such Sentences should by no means be chosen, which can scarce be used, in their proper Sense, by any that are present.

I could never persuade myself, that the best way to raise a devout Frame in plain Christians, was to bring a King, or a Captain into their Churches, and let him lead and dictate the Worship in his own Style of Royalty, or in the Language of a Field of Battle. Does every menial Servant in the Assembly know how to use these Words devoutly? namely, *When I receive the Congregation, I will judge uprightly*; Psalm lxxv. 2. *A Bow of Steel is broken by mine Arms.—As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me*; Psalm xviii. 34, 44. Would I encourage a Parish-clerk to stand up in the midst of a Country-church, and bid all the People join with his Words, and say, *I will praise thee upon a Psaltery*; or, *I will open my dark Saying upon the Harp*: When even our Cathedrals sing only to

the Sound of an Organ, moſt of the meaner Churches can have no Muſick but the Voice, and others will have none beſides? Why then muſt all who will ſing a Pſalm at Church, uſe ſuch Words as if they were to play upon the Harp and Pſaltery, when Thouſands never ſaw ſuch an Inſtrument, and know nothing of the Art?

You will tell me, perhaps, that when you take theſe Expreſſions upon your Lips, you mean only, "That you will worſhip God according to his Appointment now, even as David worſhipped him "in his Day, according to God's Appointment "then." But why will ye confine yourſelves to ſpeak one thing, and mean another? Why muſt we be bound up to ſuch Words as can never be addreſſed to God in their own Senſe? And ſince the Heart of a Chriſtian cannot join herein with his Lips, why may not his Lips be led to ſpeak his Heart? Experience itſelf has often ſhewn, that it interrupts the holy Melody, and ſpoils the Devotion of many a ſincere good Man or Woman, when in the midſt of the Song, ſome Speeches of David have been almoſt impoſed upon their Tongues, where he relates his own Troubles, his Baniſhment, or peculiar Deliverances; where he ſpeaks like a Jewiſh Prince, a Muſician, or a Prophet; or where the Senſe is ſo obſcure, that it cannot be underſtood without a learned Commentator.

Here I may with Courage addreſs myſelf to the Heart and Conſcience of many pious and obſerving Chriſtians, and aſk them whether they have not found a moſt divine Pleaſure in Singing, when the Words of the Pſalm have happily expreſſed their Frame of Soul? Have you not felt a new Joy ſpring within you, when you could ſpeak your own Deſires and Hopes, your own Faith, Love, and Zeal in the Language of the holy Pſalmiſt? Have not your Spirits taken Wing, and mounted

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up near to God and Glory, with the Song of David on your Tongue? But on a ſudden the Clerk has propoſed the next Line to your Lips with dark Sayings and Prophecies, with Burnt-offerings or Hyſſop, with New-moons and Trumpets, and Timbrels in it, with Confeſſions of Sins which you never committed, with Complaints of Sorrows which you never felt; curſing ſuch Enemies as you never had, giving Thanks for ſuch Victories as you never obtained, or leading you to ſpeak in your own Perſons, of Things, Places and Actions, that you never knew. And how have all your Souls been diſcompoſed at once, and the Strings of Harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the Song with your Hearts, and your Lips have ſunk their Joy, and faultered in the Tune; you have been balked and aſhamed, and knew not whether it were beſt to be ſilent, or to follow on with the Clerk and the Multitude, and ſing with cold Devotion, and perhaps in Darkneſs too, without Thought or Meaning.

LET it be *replied* here; That to prevent this Inconvenience, "ſuch Pſalms or Sentences may be "always omitted by him that leads the Song, or "may have a more uſeful Turn given in the Mind "of thoſe that ſing." But I *anſwer*; Since ſuch Pſalms or Sentences are not to be ſung, they may be as well omitted by the Tranſlator, or may have a more uſeful Turn given in the Verſe, than is poſſible for all the Singers to give on a ſudden in their Minds. And this is all that I contend for.

I COME therefore to the *Third Thing* I propoſed, and that is, to explain my own Deſign, which in ſhort is this; namely, *to accommodate the Book of* PSALMS *to Chriſtian Worſhip*. And in order to this, it is neceſſary to diveſt David and Aſaph, *&c.* of every other Character but that of a *Pſalmiſt* and a *Saint*,

Saint, and to make them always speak the common Sense of a Christian.

ATTEMPTING the Work with this View, I have entirely omitted some whole Psalms, and large Pieces of many others; and have chosen, out of all of them, such Parts only, as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various Occasions of the Christian Life, or at least might afford us some beautiful Allusion to Christian Affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general Style of the Gospel; nor have I confined my Expressions to any particular Party or Opinion; that in Words, prepared for public Worship, and for the Lips of Multitudes, there might not be a Syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose Judgments may differ in the lesser Matters of Religion.

WHERE the Psalmist uses sharp Invectives against his personal Enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the Edge of them against our spiritual Adversaries, *Sin*, *Satan*, and *Temptation*. Where the Flights of his Faith and Love are sublime, I have often sunk the Expressions within the Reach of an ordinary Christian. Where the Words imply some peculiar Wants or Distresses, Joys or Blessings, I have used Words of greater Latitude and Comprehension, suited to the general Circumstances of Men.

WHERE the Original runs in the Form of Prophecy concerning CHRIST and his Salvation, I have given an historical Turn to the Sense. There is no Necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful Style of Prediction, when the Things foretold are brought into open Light by a full Accomplishment. Where the Writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any Part of the Psalms, I have often indulged the Liberty of Paraphrase, according to the Words of CHRIST, or his Apostles. And surely this may be esteemed *the Word of* GOD *still*, though borrowed from several Parts of the holy Scripture. Where the Psalmist describes

Religion

Religion by the *Fear of* GOD, I have often joined *Faith and Love* to it. Where he speaks of the Pardon of Sin through the *Mercies of* GOD, I have added the *Blood* or *Merits* of a SAVIOUR: Where he talks of sacrificing Goats or Bullocks, I rather choose to mention the Sacrifice of CHRIST, the *Lamb* of GOD. When he attends the Ark with shouting, into Zion, I sing the Ascension of my SAVIOUR into Heaven, or his Presence in his Church on Earth. Where he promises Abundance of *Wealth*, *Honour*, and *long Life*; I have changed some of these *typical* Blessings for *Grace*, *Glory*, and *Life eternal*; which are brought to Light by the Gospel, and promised in the New Testament: And I am fully satisfied, that more Honour is done to our Blessed Saviour, by speaking his Name, his Graces and Actions, in his own Language, according to the brighter Discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish Forms of Worship, and the Language of Types and Figures.

ALL Men will confess this is just and necessary in Preaching and Praying; and I cannot find a Reason why we should not sing Praises also in a manner agreeable to the present and more glorious Dispensation. No Man can be persuaded, that to read a Sermon of the Royal Preacher out of the Book of *Ecclesiastes*, or a Prayer out of *Ezra* or *Daniel*, is so edifying to a Christian Church (though they were inspired) as a well composed Prayer or Sermon delivered in the usual Language of the Gospel of CHRIST. And why should the very Words of the Sweet-singer of Israel be esteemed so necessary to Christian Psalmody, and the Jewish Style so much preferable to the Evangelical, in our religious Songs of Praise?

Now since it appears so plain, that the Hebrew Psalter is very improper to be the precise Matter

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and Style of our Songs in a Christian Church; and since there is very good Reason to believe that it is left us, not only as a most valuable Part of the Word of GOD, for our Faith and Practice, but as an admirable and divine Pattern of spiritual Songs and Hymns under the Gospel; I have chosen rather to *imitate*, than to *translate*; and thus to compose a Psalm-book for Christians, after the Manner of the Jewish Psalter.

IF I could be persuaded that nothing ought to be sung in Worship, but what was of immediate Inspiration from GOD, surely I would recommend *Anthems* only; namely, the Psalms themselves, as we read them in the Bible, set to Music as they are sung by Choristers in our Cathedral Churches; for these are nearest to the Words of Inspiration; and we must depart far from those Words, if we turn them into Rhyme and Metre of any Sort. And upon the Foot of this Argument, even *The Scotch Version*, which has been so much commended for its Approach to the Original, would be unlawful as well as others.

BUT since I believe that any divine Sentence, or Christian Verse, agreeable to Scripture, may be sung, though it be composed by Men uninspired; I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient Sense and Meaning of David; but have rather expressed myself, as I may suppose David would have done, had he lived in the Days of Christianity. And by this Means, perhaps, I have sometimes hit upon the true Intent of the Spirit of GOD in those Verses, farther and clearer than David himself could ever discover, as St Peter encourages me to hope, 1 *Peter* i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the ancient Prophets, who foretold *of the Grace that should come to us*, were in some measure ignorant of this great Salvation; for though *they testified of the Sufferings of Christ and his Glory*, yet

yet they were forced to *search and inquire* after the Meaning of what they spake or wrote. In several other Places I hope my Reader will find a natural Exposition of many a dark and doubtful Text, and some new Beauties and Connexions of Thought discovered in the Jewish Poet, though not in the Language of a Jew. In all Places I have kept my grand Design in View; and that is, *to teach my Author to speak like a Christian.* For why should I now address GOD my Saviour in a Song, *with Burnt-sacrifices of Fatlings, and with the Fat of Rams?* Why should I pray to be *sprinkled with Hyssop*, or recur to the *Blood of Bullocks and Goats?* Why should I *bind my Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of an Altar*, or sing the Praises of GOD to *high sounding Cymbals*; when the Gospel has shewn me a nobler Atonement for Sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual Worship? Why must I join with David in his Legal or Prophetic Language, to curse my Enemies, when my Saviour, in his Sermons, has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a Christian omit all those Passages of the Jewish Psalmist, that tend to fill the Mind with overwhelming Sorrows, despairing Thoughts, or bitter personal Resentments; none of which are well suited to the Spirit of Christianity, which is a Dispensation of Hope, and Joy, and Love? What need is there that I should wrap up the shining Honours of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy Language of a Religion that is now for ever abolished; especially when Christians are so vehemently warned, in the Epistles of St Paul, against a judaizing Spirit, in their Worship as well as Doctrine? And what Fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful Subjects in the Style of the Gospel, where the Psalm gives any Occasion, since the whole Religion of the Jews is censured often in

the

the New Testament as a defective and imperfect Thing?

THOUGH I have aimed to provide for a Variety of Affairs in the Christian Life, by the different Metres, Paraphrases, and Divisions of the Psalms, (of which I shall speak particularly;) yet, after all, there are a great many Circumstances that attend common Christians, which cannot be agreeably expressed by any Paraphrase on the Words of David; and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my Book of HYMNS, that Christians might have something to sing in divine Worship, answerable to most, or all their Occasions. In the PREFACE to that Book I have shewn the Insufficiency of the common Versions of the *Psalms*, and given further Reasons for my present Attempt.

I AM not so vain as to expect, that the few short Hints I have mentioned in that *Preface*, or in this, should be sufficient to justify my Performance in the Judgment of all Men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different Sentiments. All the Favour therefore that I desire of my Readers, is this, that they would not censure this Work till they have read my *Discourse of Psalmody*, which I hope will shortly be published; but let them read it with serious Attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere Soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive Truth wheresoever it can be found. In that Treatise I have given a large and particular Account how the Psalms of Jewish Composure ought to be translated for Christian Worship; and justified the Rules I lay down by such Reasons, as seem to carry in them most plentiful Evidence, and a fair Conviction.

IF I might presume so much, I would intreat them also to forget their younger Prejudices for a Season, so far as to make a few Experiments of these Songs; and try whether they are not suited,

through

through divine Grace, to kindle in them a Fire of Zeal and Love, and to exalt the willing Soul to an Evangelic Temper of Joy and Praise. And if they shall find by sweet Experience, any devout Affections raised, and a holy Frame of Mind awakened within them by these Attempts of Christian Psalmody; I persuade myself, that I shall receive their Thanks, and be assisted by their Prayers towards the Recovery of my Health, and my public Labours in the Church of CHRIST. Whatsoever Sentiments they had formerly entertained, yet surely they will not suffer their old and doubtful Opinions to prevail against their own inward Sensations of Piety and religious Joy.

BEFORE I conclude, I must add a few Things concerning my Division of the Psalms, and my Manner of Versifying.

Of the DIVISION of the PSALMS.

IN many of these sacred Songs it is evident, that the Psalmist had several distinct Cases in View at the same Time: As *Psalm* lxv. the first four or five Verses describe the *Temple Worship of Prayer and Praise*; the following Verses represent the *Providence of* GOD *in the Seasons of the Year.* So in *Psalm* lxviii. the first six Verses declare *the Majesty and Mercy of* GOD; and from the 7th Verse to the 16th, *Israel is brought from Egypt* to fix Divine Worship at Jerusalem. The 17th and 18th are a Prophecy of the *Ascension of* CHRIST. Ver. 24, *&c.* describes a *Religious Procession*, &c. The like may be observed in many other Psalms, especially such as represent some complicated Sorrows, or Joys of the Psalmist. Now it is not to be supposed that Christians should have all the same distinct Occasion of Meditation, Complaint, or Praise, much less all at the same Time, to be mentioned

before

before GOD; therefore I have divided many Psalms into several Parts, and disposed them into distinct Hymns on those various Subjects, that may be proper Matter for Christian Psalmody.

BESIDES that excessive long Tone of Voice, that stretches out every Syllable in our public Singing, allows us neither Time nor Spirits to sing above six or eight Stanzas at once, and sometimes we make use of but three or four: Therefore I have reduced almost all the Work into Hymns of such a length, as may suit the usual Custom of the Churches; that they may not sing broken Fragments of Sense, as is too often done, and spoil the Beauty of this Worship; but may finish a whole Song and Subject at once.

FOR this End I have been forced to transpose, or omit, some of the Verses; and by this Means (some will object) that I have left out some useful and significant Lines. Perhaps so; but if I had not, the Clerk would have left them out, to save the Time for other Parts of Worship; and I desire but the same Liberty which he has to choose which Verses shall be sung. Yet I think it will be seldom found that I have omitted any useful Psalm, or Verse, whose Sense is not abundantly repeated in other Parts of the Book; and what I have left out in one Metre, I have often inserted in another.

WHEN the Occasion or Subject are much the same throughout a long Psalm, I have either abridged the Verses, or divided the Psalm by *Pauses* after the French Manner, (where the Sense would admit an Interruption) that the Worship may not be tiresom.

Of the VERSE.

I RESIGN to Sir John Denham the Honour of the best Poet, if he had given his Genius but a just Liberty;

Liberty; yet his Work will ever ſhine brighteſt among thoſe that have confined themſelves to a mere Tranſlation. But that cloſe Confinement has often forbid the Freedom and Glory of Verſe, and by cramping his Senſe, has rendered it ſometimes too obſcure for a plain Reader and the public Worſhip, even though we lived in the Days of David and Judaiſm. Theſe Inconveniences he himſelf ſuſpects and fears in the Preface.

I AM content to yield to Mr Milbourn the Preference of his Poeſy in ſeveral Parts of his Pſalms, and to Mr Tate and Dr Brady in ſome of theirs; but in thoſe very Places their Turns of Thought and Language are too much raiſed above a vulgar Audience, and fit only for Perſons of an higher Education.

I HAVE not refuſed, in ſome few Pſalms, to borrow a ſingle Line or two from theſe three Authors; yet I have taken the moſt Freedom of that ſort with Dr Patrick, for his Style beſt agrees with my Deſign, though his Verſe be generally of a lower Strain. But where I have uſed three or four Lines together of any Author, I have acknowledged it in the *Notes*.

IN ſome of the more elevated Pſalms I have given a little Indulgence to my Genius; and if it ſhould appear that I have aimed at the *Sublime*, yet I have generally kept within the Reach of an unlearned Reader. I never thought the Art of ſublime Writing conſiſted in flying out of Sight; nor am I of the Mind of the Italian, who ſaid, *Obſcurity begets Greatneſs*. I have always avoided the Language of the Poets, where it did not ſuit the Language of the Goſpel.

IN many of theſe Compoſures I have juſt permitted my Verſe to riſe above a flat and indolent Style; yet I hope it is every where ſupported above the juſt Contempt of the Critics: Though I am

ſenſible

ſenſible that I have often ſubdued it below their Eſteem; becauſe I would neither indulge any bold Metaphors, nor admit of hard Words, nor tempt an ignorant Worſhipper to ſing without his Underſtanding.

THOUGH I have attempted to imitate the ſacred Beauties of my Author in ſome of the ſprightly Pſalms, ſuch as *Pſalm* xliv, xlvi, xlix, lxv, lxxii, xc, xci, civ, cxiv, cxv, cxxxix, *&c.* yet if my youthful Readers complain, that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful Deſcriptions with which the ſacred Original abounds, let them conſider that ſome of thoſe Pieces of deſcriptive Poeſy are the flowery Elegancies peculiar to Eaſtern Nations and antique Ages, and are much too large alſo to be brought into ſuch ſhort Chriſtian Sonnets as are uſed in our preſent Worſhip; almoſt all thoſe Pſalms I have contracted and fitted to more ſpiritual Devotion, as *Pſalm* xviii, lxviii, lxxiii, lxxviii, cv, cvi, cix, *&c.*

Of the METRE and RHYME.

I HAVE formed my Verſe in the *three moſt uſual Metres* to which our Pſalm-Tunes are fitted, namely, The *Common Metre*, the Metre of the old xxvth Pſalm, which I call *Short Metre*, and that of the old cth Pſalm, which I call *Long Metre*. Beſides theſe, I have done ſome new Pſalms in Stanzas of ſix, eight, or twelve Lines, to the beſt of the old Tunes. Many of them I have alſo caſt into two or three Metres, not by leaving out or adding two Syllables in a Line, whereby others have cramped or ſtretched their Verſe to the Deſtruction of all Poeſy; but I have made an intire new Song, and oftentimes, in the different Metres, I have indulged thoſe different Senſes, in which Commentators have explained the inſpired Author. And if in one Metre I have given

given the Looſe to a Paraphraſe, I have confined myſelf to my Text in the other.

If I am charged by the Criticks for repeating the ſame Rhymes too often, let them conſider, that the Words, which continually recur in divine Poeſy, admit exceeding few Rhymes to them fit for ſacred Uſe; theſe are GOD, *World*, *Fleſh*, *Soul*, *Life*, *Death*, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Heaven*, *Earth*, &c. which I think will make ſufficient Apology; eſpecially ſince I have coupled all my Lines by Rhymes, much more than either Mr Tate or Dr Patrick have done, which is certainly moſt muſical and agreeable to the Ear, where Rhyme is uſed at all.

I MUST confeſs I have never yet ſeen any *Verſion*, or *Paraphraſe* of the Pſalms, in their own Jewiſh Senſe, ſo perfect as to diſcourage all further Attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble Work, let him bring with him a Soul devoted to Piety, an exalted Genius, and withal a ſtudious Application. For David's Harp abhors a profane Finger, and diſdains to anſwer to an unſkilful or a careleſs Touch. A meaner Pen may imitate at a Diſtance, but a complete Tranſlation, or a juſt Paraphraſe, demands a rich Treaſury of Diction, an exalted Fancy, a quick Taſte of devout Paſſion, together with Judgment ſtrict and ſevere to retrench every luxuriant Line, and to maintain a religious Sovereignty over the whole Work. Thus the Pſalmiſt of Iſrael might ariſe in Great Britain in all his Hebrew Glory, and entertain the more knowing and polite Chriſtians of our Age. But ſtill I am bold to maintain the great Principle on which my preſent Work is founded; and that is, That if the brighteſt Genius on Earth, or an

Angel from Heaven, ſhould tranſlate David, and keep cloſe to the Senſe and Style of the inſpired Author, we ſhould only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly Copy of the Devotions of the Jewiſh King; but it cou'd never make the fitteſt Pſalm-Book for a Chriſtian People.

It was not my Deſign to exalt myſelf to the Rank and Glory of Poets; but I was ambitious to be a Servant to the Churches, and a Helper to the Joy of the meaneſt Chriſtian. Though there are many gone before me, who have taught the Hebrew Pſalmiſt to ſpeak Engliſh, yet I think I may aſſume this Pleaſure of being the Firſt who hath brought down the Royal Author into the common Affairs of the Chriſtian Life, and led the Pſalmiſt of Iſrael into the Church of CHRIST, without any thing of a Jew about him. And whenſoever there ſhall appear any *Paraphraſe of the Book of Pſalms*, that retains more of the Savor of David's Piety, diſcovers more of the Style and Spirit of the Goſpel, with a ſuperior Dignity of Verſe, and yet the Lines as eaſy and flowing, and the Senſe and Language as level to the loweſt Capacity, I ſhall congratulate the World, and conſent to ſay, "Let "this Attempt of mine be buried in Silence."

TILL ſuch a Work ariſe, I muſt attend theſe *Evangelick Songs* (which have been the Labour of ſo many Years) with a devout Wiſh.

MAY that GOD, who has favoured me with Life and Capacity to finiſh this Work for the Service of his Churches, after ſo many Years of tireſom Sickneſs and Confinement, accept this humble Offering from a thankful Heart. May the LORD, who dwelt of old amidſt the Praiſes of Iſrael, encourage and bleſs this Eſſay to aſſiſt Chriſtians

Christians in the Work of Praise! And may his Churches exalt him here on Earth in the Language of his Gospel and his Grace, till they shall be called up to Heaven and the noble Society above! There David and Asaph have changed their ancient Style, and the Song of Moses and of the Lamb are one: There the Jews join with the Nations, to exalt their GOD and Redeemer in the Language of Angels, and in the Strains of complete Glory. *Amen.*

Advertisement to the READERS.

THE *chief Design of this Work was to improve* Psalmody, *or* Religious Singing, *and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in public Assemblies and private Families, with more Honour and Delight; yet the Author hopes the reading of it may also entertain in the Parlour and the Closet, with devout Pleasure and holy Meditations. Therefore he would request his Readers, at proper Seasons, to peruse it through, and among* Three Hundred and Forty sacred HYMNS, *they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory, they may be furnished for pious Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.*

Of chooſing or finding the PSALM.

THE *Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by*

consulting the Index, *or* Table of Contents *at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life and Worship, though no Copy of David's Psalter can provide for all.*

OR *if he remember the first Line of any Psalm, the* Table of the first Lines at the End, *will direct where to find it.*

OR *if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.*

Of Naming the PSALM.

LET *the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Instance*; Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d Part, Common Metre; *or*, Let us sing the 91st Psalm, 1st Part, beginning at the Pause, *or* ending at the Pause; *or*, Let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, *&c. And then read over the first Stanza before you begin to sing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you sing with or without reading Line by Line.*

Of Dividing the PSALM.

IF *the Psalm be too long for the Time or Custom of Singing, there are* Pauses *in many of them at which you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those Verses which are included in Crotchets [ ] without disturbing the Sense: Or in some Places you may begin to sing at a* Pause.

DO *not always confine yourselves to six* Stanzas, *but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the Sense and abuse the Psalm in solemn Worship.*

Of the Manner of SINGING.

IT *were to be wished that all Congregations and private Families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant Countries, without reading Line by Line. Though the Author has done what he could to make the Sense complete in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniencies will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing; but where it cannot be altered, these two Things may give some Relief.*

First, LET *as many as can do it bring* Psalm-Books *with them, and look on the Words while they sing, so far as to make the Sense complete.*

Secondly, LET *the Clerk read the whole Psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have some Notion of what they sing; and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Line comes to give the Sense of them.*

IT *were to be wished also, that we might not dwell so long upon every single Note, and produce the Syllables to such a tiresom Extent, with a constant Uniformity of Time; which disgraces the Musick, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanzas: Whereas if the Method of Singing were but reformed to a greater Speed in Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm with less Expence of Time and Breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of*

the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.

The various MEASURES of the VERSE are fitted to the TUNES of the OLD PSALM-BOOK.

To the Common Tunes *sing all intitled* Common Metre.

To the Tunes of the 100th Psalm *sing all intitled* Long Metre.

To the Tune of the 25th Psalm *sing* Short Metre.

To the 50th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 50th, 93d.

To the 112th *or* 127th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 104th and 148th.

To the 113th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, *last Part*, 96th 112th, 113th.

To the 122d Psalm *sing one of the Metres of the* 93d, 122d, *and* 133d.

To the 148th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 84th, 121st, 136th, *and* 148th.

To a New Tune *sing one Metre of the* 50th, *and* 115th.

DEC. 1st, 1718.

TH

THE PSALMS of DAVID

IMITATED IN THE

LANGUAGE

OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat:

II.

But in the Statutes of the LORD
Has plac'd his chief Delight;

By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

III.

[He, like a Plant of gen'rous Kind,
By living Waters set,
Safe from the Storms and blasting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]

IV.

Green as the Leaf and ever fair
Shall his Profession shine,
While Fruits of Holiness appear,
Like Clusters on the Vine.

V.

Not so the Impious and Unjust;
What vain Designs they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Dust,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

VI.

Sinners in Judgment shall not stand
Amongst the Sons of Grace,
When CHRIST, the Judge, at his right Hand
Appoints his Saints a Place.

VII.

His Eye beholds the Path they tread;
His Heart approves it well:
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

In this Work I have often borrowed a Line or two from the *New Testament*; that the excellent and inspired Compositures of the Jewish Psalmist may be brightened by the clearer Discoveries of the Gospel.

Stanza VI. *He shall set the Sheep on his right Hand*, &c. Matt. xxv. 33.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

I.

THE Man is ever blest
Who shuns the Sinners Ways,
Amongst their Counsels never stands,
Nor takes the Scorner's Place;

II.

But makes the Law of GOD
His Study and Delight,
Amidst the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

III.

He like a Tree shall thrive,
With Waters near the Root;
Fresh as the Leaf his Name shall live;
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

IV.

Not so th' ungodly Race,
They no such Blessings find:
Their Hopes shall flee, like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

V.

How will they bear to stand
Before that Judgment-seat,
Where all the Saints at CHRIST's right Hand
In full Assembly meet?

VI.

He knows, and he approves
The Way the Righteous go;
But sinners and their Works shall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

PSALM. I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

HAPPY the Man, whose cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

II.

He loves t' employ the Morning-Light
Amongst the Statutes of the LORD;
And spends the wakeful Hours of Night
With Pleasure pond'ring o'er his Word.

III.

He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flourish in immortal Green:
And Heav'n will shine with kindest Beams
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

IV.

But Sinners find their Counsels croft;
As Chaff before the Tempest flies,
So shall their Hopes be blown and lost,
When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.

V.

In vain the Rebel seeks to stand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful Judge with stern Command
Divides him to a diff'rent Place.

VI.

" Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I bless the Path, and drew it plain;
" But you would choose the crooked Road;
" And down it leads to endless Pain.

Stanza i. *line* 2. and *Stanza* vi. *l.* 4. Broad is the Way that leads to Deſtruction, *Matt.* vii. 13, 14.
Stanza iv. *line* 4. At the laſt Trump, *&c.* 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Tranſlated according to the Divine Pattern, *Acts* iv. 24, &c.

CHRIST *Dying, Riſing, Interceeding, and Reigning.*

I.

[MAKER and ſov'reign LORD
Of Heav'n and Earth and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And anſwers thy Decrees.

II.

The Things ſo long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to ſlay
JESUS, thine Holy Child.]

III.

Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one Accord
Bend all their Counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the LORD?

IV.

Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Deſign;
Againſt the LORD their Pow'rs unite,
Againſt his CHRIST they join.

V.

The LORD derides their Rage,
And will ſupport his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

VI.

Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

VII.

He asks, and GOD bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Ends
His Kingdom shall advance.

VIII.

The Nations that rebel
Must feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate those Honours well
Which he receiv'd from GOD.

IX.

[Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To GOD's exalted Son.

X.

If once his Wrath arise,
Ye perish on the Place;
Then blessed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.

Stanza i. *line* 1. *Lord, thou art God, who hast made Heaven—Who by the Mouth of thy Servant David hast said, Why did the Heathen rage, &c.* Acts iv. 24, &c.

Stanza ii. *line* 3. *To do whatsoever thy Hand and thy Counsel determined to be done,* &c. ver. 28. And several other Lines of this Version are evidently borrowed from the fuller Discoveries of CHRIST in the *New Testament.*

Stanza VIII. *Shall rule the Nations with a Rod of Iron, even as I received of my Father,* Rev. ii. 27.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

I.

WHY did the Nations join to slay
The LORD's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?

II.

The LORD that sits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below;
He speaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And strikes their Spirits through.

III.

"I call him my Eternal Son,
"And raise him from the Dead;
"I make my holy Hill his Throne,
"And wide his Kingdom spread.

IV.

"Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost Heathen Lands:
"Thy Rod of Iron shall destroy
"The Rebel that withstands."

V.

Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' anointed LORD;
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.

VI.

With humble Love address his Throne;
For if he frowns, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.*

I.

WHY did the Jews proclaim their Rage,
The Romans why their Swords employ,
Against the LORD their Pow'rs engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?

II.

"Come, let us break his Bands, they say,
"This Man shall never give us Laws;"
And thus they cast his Yoke away,
And nail'd their Monarch to the Cross.

III.

But GOD, who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls;
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And speak in Thunder to their Souls.

IV.

"I will maintain the King I made
"On Zion's everlasting Hill;
"My Hand shall bring him from the Dead,
"And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."

V.

[His wondrous Rising from the Earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The LORD declares his heav'nly Birth,
"This Day have I begot my Son.

VI.

"Ascend, my Son, to my right Hand,
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
"The utmost Bounds of Heathen Land;
"To thee the Northern Isles shall bow."]

VII.

But Nations that reſiſt his Grace
Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke;
His Rod ſhall cruſh his Foes with eaſe,
As Potters earthen Work is broke.

PAUSE.

VIII.

Now, ye that ſit on earthly Thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the LORD the Lamb;
Now at his Feet ſubmit your Crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

IX.

With humble Love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his Jealouſy.

X.

His Storms ſhall drive you quick to Hell:
He is a GOD, and ye but Duſt:
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Truſt.

Stanza v. *Declared to be the Son of God with Power by his Reſurrection from the Dead*, Rom. i. 4.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears ſuppreſt; or GOD *our Defence from Sin and Satan.*

I.

MY GOD, how many are my Fears!
How faſt my Foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal Death,
They break my preſent Peace.

II.

The lying Tempter would perſuade
There's no Relief in Heav'n,

And all my swelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

III.

But thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raise my drooping Head.

IV.

[I cry'd, and from his holy Hill.
He bow'd a list'ning Ear:
I call'd my Father and my GOD,
And he subdu'd my Fear.

V.

He shed soft Slumbers on mine Eyes,
In spite of all my Foes;
I 'woke and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.]

VI.

What tho' the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my Soul;
My Refuge is my GOD.

VII.

Arise, O LORD, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory sing:
My GOD has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

VIII.

Salvation to the LORD belongs:
His Arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

In this Psalm I have changed David's personal Enemies into the spiritual Enemies of every Christian, namely, Sin, Satan, &c. and have mentioned the Serpent, the Tempter, the Guilt of Sin, and

the Sting of Death, which are words well known in the *New Testament*.

PSALM III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

I.

O LORD, how many are my Foes,
In this weak State of Flesh and Blood!
My Peace they daily discompose;
But my Defence and Hope is GOD.

II.

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To thee I rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

III.

Supported by thy heav'nly Aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not Death should make my Heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

IV.

But GOD sustain'd me all the Night;
Salvation doth to GOD belong:
He rais'd my Head to see the Light,
And make his Praise my Morning Song.

In the 3d and 4th Psalms there is a Verse or two that shew the one to be writ in the *Morning*, the other in the *Evening*; wherefore I have chosen out those Parts that seem most easily applicable, and have turned them into a Morning and Evening Song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer; or GOD *our Portion, and* CHRIST *our Hope.*

I.

O GOD of Grace and Righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;

Thou haſt enlarg'd me in Diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.

II.

Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame;
How long will Scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

III.

Know that the LORD divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beſide;
He hears the Cry of Penitents,
For the dear Sake of CHRIST that dy'd.

IV.

When our obedient Hands have done
A thouſand Works of Righteouſneſs,
We put our Truſt in GOD alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

V.

Let th' unthinking Many ſay,
"Who will beſtow ſome earthly Good?"
But LORD, thy Light and Love we pray,
Our Souls deſire this heav'nly Food.

VI.

Then ſhall my chearful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favours ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy Choice,
For all their Corn and all their Wine.

Though this Pſalm may not directly intend the Meſſiah, yet I have taken occaſion to apply ſome Expreſſions in it to CHRIST and his Goſpel, I hope with ſome Advantage, and without Offence.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Psalm.

I.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

II.

And while I rest my weary Head,
From Cares and Bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

III.

I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice:
And when my Work is done,
Great GOD, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

IV.

Thus, with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to sleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the LORD's-*Day Morning.*

I.

LORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear
My Voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To thee lift up mine Eye.

II.

Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.

III.

Thou art a God, before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.

IV.

But to thy House will I resort,
To taste thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteousness!
Make ev'ry Path of Duty straight
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

VI.

My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet astray;
They flatter with a base Design
To make my Soul their Prey.

VII.

LORD, crush the Serpent in the Dust,
And all his Plots destroy;
While those that in thy Mercy trust
For ever shout for Joy.

VIII.

The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

This Psalm begins with the mention of Morning Prayer, and proceeds to the Worship of God in his Temple, which inclined me to intitle it, *For a Lord's Day Morning.*

Stanza v. and ii. Where any just Occasion is given to make mention of CHRIST, and the HOLY SPIRIT, I refuse it not; and I

am perſuaded David would not have refuſed it, had he lived under the Goſpel; nor St Paul, had he written a Pſalm-Book.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickneſs; or *Diſeaſes healed.*

I.

IN Anger, LORD, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow ſo hot
Againſt a feeble Worm.

II.

My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Fleſh with Pain oppreſt;
My Couch is witneſs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Reſt.

III.

Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waſte the Night with Cries,
Counting the Minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow Morning riſe.

IV.

Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
My Eyes conſum'd with Grief?
How long, my GOD, how long before
Thine Hand affords Relief?

V.

He hears when Duſt and Aſhes ſpeak,
He pities all our Grones;
He ſaves us for his Mercy's ſake,
And heals our broken Bones.

VI.

The Virtue of his ſov'reign Word
Reſtores our fainting Breath:
For ſilent Graves praiſe not the LORD,
Nor is he known in Death.

Vexation by personal Enemies is not a constant Attendant of Sickness; therefore in this Version I have omitted it as a peculiar Circumstance of David's. In the next Version I have changed these *Enemies* for *Temptations* and *despairing Thoughts*.

The 5th Verse of this Psalm, which is a Plea in Prayer, may be naturally transposed to the End, as a Ground of Praise.

Psalm VI. Long Metre.

Temptation in Sickness overcome.

I.

LORD, I can suffer thy Rebukes,
When thou with Kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise.

II.

Pity my languishing Estate,
And ease the Sorrows that I feel;
The Wounds thine heavy Hand hath made,
O let thy gentler Touches heal.

III.

See how I pass my weary Days
In Sighs and Grones; and when 'tis Night,
My Bed is water'd with my Tears:
My Grief consumes, and dims my Sight.

IV.

Look how the Pow'rs of Nature mourn!
How long, Almighty GOD, how long?
When shall thine Hour of Grace return?
When shall I make thy Grace my Song?

V.

I feel my Flesh so near the Grave,
My Thoughts are tempted to Despair;
But Graves can never praise the LORD,
For all is Dust and Silence there.

VI.

Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
And all despairing Thoughts depart:
My God, who hears my humble Mone,
Will ease my Flesh and chear my Heart.

Part of the three first Stanzas I have borrowed from Dr Patrick, being pleased with the agreeable Turn he gives to David's Sense.

PSALM VII.

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

I.

MY Trust is in my heav'nly Friend;
My Hope in thee, my GOD;
Rise, and my helpless Life defend
From those that seek my Blood.

II.

With Insolence and Fury they
My Soul in Pieces tear,
As hungry Lions rend the Prey,
When no Deliv'rer's near.

III.

If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Dust,
And lay mine Honour low.

IV.

If there be Malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I should not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor ask my GOD to rise.

V.

Arise, my GOD, lift up thy Hand,
Their Pride and Pow'r controul;

Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my Soul.

PAUSE.

VI.

[Let Sinners and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Duſt;
Shall not the GOD of Truth engage
To vindicate the Juſt!

VII.

He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright;
His ſharpeſt Arrows he ordains
Againſt the Sons of Spite.

VIII.

For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My GOD makes all their Miſchief light
On their own Heads at laſt.]

IX.

That cruel perſecuting Race
Muſt feel his dreadful Sword;
Awake, my Soul, and praiſe the Grace
And Juſtice of the LORD.

In this Pſalm I have not exactly followed every ſingle Verſe of the Pſalmiſt, but have endeavoured to contract the Subſtance of it into fewer Lines, yet not without a Regard to the literal Senſe and Words alſo, as will appear by the Compariſon.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

GOD's *Sovereignty and Goodneſs*; *and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.*

I.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.

II.

II.

When to thy Works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
And ſee the Moon, complete in Light,
Adorn the darkſom Skies:

III.

When I ſurvey the Stars,
And all their ſhining Forms,
LORD, what is Man, that worthleſs Thing,
Akin to Duſt and Worms?

IV.

LORD, What is worthleſs Man,
That thou ſhouldſt love him ſo?
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

V.

Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts like Slaves obey,
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fiſh that cleave the Sea.

VI.

How rich thy Bounties are!
And wondrous are thy Ways:
Of Duſt and Worms thy Pow'r can frame
A Monument of Praiſe.

VII.

[Out of the Mouths of Babes
And Sucklings thou canſt draw
Surpriſing Honours to thy Name,
And ſtrike the World with Awe.

VIII.

O LORD, our Heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.]

Sanza VII. The transposing of the IId Verse of this Psalm toward the End, will not appear offensive, since the Connection of it with the other Parts of the Psalm appears so much more visible.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Condescension and Glorification*; or *God made Man.*

I.

O LORD our GOD, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

II.

When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light:

III.

LORD, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with Grace,
And love his Nature so?

IV.

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm?

V.

[Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fishes own
His Godhead and his Pow'r.

VI.

The Waves lay spread beneath his Feet,
And Fish at his Command

Bring their large shoals to Peter's Net,
And Tribute to his Hand.

VII.

These lesser Glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly Cloud;
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confess him God.]

VIII.

Let him be crown'd with Majesty,
Who bow'd his Head to Death;
And be his Honours founded high,
By all Things that have Breath.

IX.

Jesus our LORD, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

Stanza IV. If the Citation of Part of this Psalm by the Apostle, *Heb.* ii. 5. be but a mere Allusion, yet it affords Ground enough for the Turn I have given it in this Version, and the Application of it to Christ

Stanza VI. *l.* 1. *Jesus went to them walking on the Sea*, Matt. xiv. 25.

Line 2. *He said to Simon, Launch out, &c. and they enclosed a great Multitude of Fishes*, Luke v. 4, 6.

Line 4. *Cast an Hook, and take up the Fish—thou shalt find a Piece of Money, &c.* Matt. xvii. 27.

PSALM VIII. *Ver.* 1, 2. *Paraphrased.*

The First Part. Long Metre.

The Hosanna *of the Children*; or *Infants praising God.*

I.

ALmighty Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is spread,
And thine eternal Glories rise
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.

II.

To thee the Voices of the Young
A Monument of Honour raise;
And Babes with uninstructed Tongue
Declare the Wonders of thy Praise.

III.

Thy Pow'r assists their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To still the bold Blasphemers Rage,
And all their Policies confound.

IV.

Children amidst thy Temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's Face;
The Son of David is their Song,
And young Hosannas fill the Place.

V.

The frowning Scribes and angry Priests
In vain their impious Cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their Breasts,
While Jewish Babes proclaim their King.

The two first Verses are here paraphrased and explained by the History of the Children crying *Hosanna* to Christ, *Matt.* xxi. 15, 16. where our Saviour cites and applies those Words of the Psalmist.

PSALM VIII. *Ver.* 3, *&c. Paraphrased.*

The Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and New Creation.

I.

LORD, what was Man when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
That thou should'st set him and his Race
But just below an Angels Place!

II.

That thou should'st raise his Nature so,
And make him Lord of all below?

Make ev'ry Beaſt and Bird ſubmit,
And lay the Fiſhes at his Feet?

III.

But O what brighter Glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's State?
What Honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born?

IV.

See him below his Angels made,
See him in Duſt amongſt the Dead,
To ſave a ruin'd World from Sin:
But he ſhall reign with Pow'r divine.

V.

The World to come redeem'd from all
The Mis'ries that attend the Fall,
New made and glorious ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

I am perſuaded the true Meaning of the Apoſtle in citing the Words of this Pſalm, and applying them to our Saviour, *Heb.* ii. 5, *&c.* is to ſhew that Chriſt, the ſecond Adam, muſt have Dominion over the New World, as Adam, the firſt Man, had over the Old; and that he is truly and really Man, becauſe the firſt Adam is the Figure and Type of him in this his Dominion.

PSALM IX. *The First Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-ſeat.

I.

WITH my whole Heart I'll raiſe my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, ſov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong,
Wilt put my Foes to Shame.

II.

I'll ſing thy Majeſty and Grace:
My GOD prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteouſneſs,
And make his Vengeance known.

III.

Then shall the LORD a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppreſt;
To save the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Reſt.

IV.

The Men that know thy Name will truſt
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the Juſt,
Who humbly ſought thy Face.

V.

Sing Praiſes to the righteous LORD,
Who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *Verſe* 12. *The Second Part.*

The Wiſdom and Equity of Providence.

I.

WHen the great Judge, Supreme and Juſt,
Shall once inquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Duſt
Shall find a faithful GOD.

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raiſe:
In Zion's Gates with chearful Breath
They ſing their Father's Praiſe.

III.

His Foes ſhall fall with heedleſs Feet
Into the Pit they made;
And Sinners periſh in the Net
That their own Hands had ſpread.

IV.

Thus by thy Judgments, mighty GOD!
Are thy deep Counsels known;
When Men of Mischief are destroy'd,
The Snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

V.

The Wicked shall sink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devour the Lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Against thy known Commands.

VI.

Tho' Saints to sore Distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their Cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their Hopes be vain.

VII.

[Rise, great Redeemer, from thy Seat,
To judge and save the Poor;
Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Man prevail no more.

VIII.

Thy Thunder shall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain;
Make them confess that thou art GOD,
And they but feeble Men.]

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved, or Pride, Abeism and Oppression, punished.

For a Humiliation-Day.

I.

WHY doth the LORD stand off so far,
And why conceal his Face,

When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Diſtreſs?

II.

LORD, ſhall the Wicked ſtill deride
Thy Juſtice and thy Pow'r?
Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?

III.

They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor:
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

IV.

Ariſe, O GOD, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry:
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand,
When GOD aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

V.

Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh Pride,
"The GOD of Heav'n will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's Side?"

VI.

But thou for ever art our LORD;
And pow'rful is thine Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.

VII.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ears to hear;
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in Fear.

VIII.

Proud Tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the Just;
And mighty Sinners shall confess
They are but Earth and Dust.

PSALM XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

I.

MY Refuge is the GOD of Love;
Why do my Foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a tim'rous trembling Dove,
"To distant Woods or Mountains fly."

II.

If Government be all destroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make Justice void,
Where shall the Righteous seek Redress?

III.

The LORD in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne;
His Eyes survey the World below:
To him all mortal Things are known;
His Eyelids search our Spirits thro'.

IV.

If he afflicts his Saints so far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

V.

On impious Wretches he shall rain
Tempests of Brimstone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of Sodom with his angry Breath.

VI.

The righteous LORD loves righteous Souls,
Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere;

And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times; or *Sins of the Tongue complained of, namely, Blasphemy, Falshood*, &c.

I.

LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and Truth will fly away;
A faithful Man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

II

The whole Discourse when Neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with Trifles loose and vain;
Their Lips are Flatt'ry and Deceit,
And their proud Language is profane.

III.

But Lips that with Deceit abound
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The GOD of Vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blasphemeing Tongue.

IV.

"Yet shall our Words be free, they cry;
"Our Tongue shall be control'd by none:
"Where is the Lord will ask us why?
"Or say, our Lips are not our own?"

V.

The LORD who sees the Poor oppress,
And hears th' Oppressor's haughty Strain,
Will rise to give his Children Rest;
Nor shall they trust his Word in vain.

VI.

Thy Word, O LORD, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit shall still appear;

Not Silver seven times purify'd
From Dross and Mixture shine so clear.

VII.

Thy Grace shall in the darkest Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm:
Tho' when the vilest Men have Pow'r,
On ev'ry Side will Sinners swarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or *The Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.*

I.

HELP, LORD, for Men of Virtue fail,
Religion loses Ground;
The Sons of Violence prevail,
And Treacheries abound.

II.

Their Oaths and Promises they break,
Yet act the Flatt'rer's Part:
With fair deceitful Lips they speak,
And with a double Heart.

III.

If we reprove some hateful Lie,
How is their Fury stirr'd!
"Are not our Lips our own, they cry;
"And who shall be our Lord?"

IV.

Scoffers appear on ev'ry Side,
Where a vile Race of Men
Is rais'd to Seats of Pow'r and Pride,
And bear the Sword in vain.

PAUSE.

V.

LORD, when Iniquities abound,
And Blaſphemy grows bold,
When Faith is hardly to be found,
And Love is waxing cold;

VI.

Is not thy Chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not giv'n the Sign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A Promiſe ſo divine?

VII.

"Yes, ſaith the LORD, now will I riſe,
"And make Oppreſſors flee;
"I ſhall appear to their Surpriſe,
"And ſet my Servants free."

VIII.

Thy Word, like Silver ſev'n times try'd,
Thro' Ages ſhall endure;
The Men that in thy Truth confide,
Shall find the Promiſe ſure.

Stanza IV. The laſt Verſe of this Pſalm may naturally be inſerted here.

Stanza V. The Signs of CHRIST's Coming, mentioned in the *New Teſtament*, Matt. xxiv. 12, Luke xviii. 8. *are Abounding Iniquity, Love waxing cold, and Faith ſcarce to be found*, and ſeem very much akin to the Senſe of this Pſalm.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with GOD *under Deſertion*; or *Hope in Darkneſs.*

I.

HOW long, O LORD, ſhall I complain,
Like one that ſeeks his GOD in vain?
Can'ſt thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I ſtill pray, and be deny'd?

II.

Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardeſt not!
Still ſhall my Soul thine Abſence mourn?
And ſtill deſpair of thy Return?

III.

How long ſhall my poor troubled Breaſt
Be with theſe anxious Thoughts oppreſs'd?
And Satan, my malicious Foe,
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low?

IV.

Hear, LORD, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death conclude my Grief;
If thou withhold'ſt thy heav'nly Light,
I ſleep in everlaſting Night.

V.

How will the Pow'rs of Darkneſs boaſt,
If but one praying Soul be loſt?
But I have truſted in thy Grace,
And ſhall again behold thy Face.

VI.

Whate'er my Fears and Foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt:
My Heart ſhall feel thy Love, and raiſe
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

I.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face,
My GOD; how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly Rays
That chaſe my Fears away?

II.

How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And ease my raging Pain.

III.

See how the Prince of Darkness tries
All his malicious Arts,
He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.

IV.

Be thou my Sun, be thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haste, before mine Eyes are seal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

V.

How would the Tempter boast aloud
If I became his Prey!
Behold the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy so long Delay.

VI.

But they shall fly at thy Rebuke,
And Satan hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

VII.

Thou wilt display that sov'reign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I shall employ my Lips in Praise,
And Vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

I.

FOOLS in their Heart believe and say,
"That all Religion's vain;
"There is no GOD that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' Affairs of Men."

II.

From Thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt Discourse proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.

III.

The LORD from his Celestial Throne
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that sought his Grace,
Or did his Justice know.

IV.

By Nature all are gone astray;
Their Practice all the same:
There's none that fears his Maker's Hand;
There's none that loves his Name.

V.

Their Tongues are us'd to speak Deceit;
Their Slanders never cease;
How swift to Mischief are their Feet!
Nor know the Paths of Peace.

VI.

Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

Several Verses of this Psalm are cited by the Apostle, *Romans* iii. 10, &c. to shew the universal Corruption of human Nature; wherefore I have brought more of the Apostle's Words, there used,

into the 1vth and vth Stanza's here, and concluded this Part of the Psalm agreeably to St Paul's Design.

Note, The 2d Part of this Psalm speaks only of Persecutors and the Enemies of the Church; therefore I have divided it from the former.

PSALM XIV. The Second Part.

The Folly of Persecutors.

I.

ARE Sinners now so senseless grown
That they the Saints devour?
And never worship at thy Throne,
Nor fear thine awful Pow'r?

II.

Great GOD, appear to their Surprise;
Reveal thy dreadful Name;
Let them no more thy Wrath despise,
Nor turn our Hope to Shame.

III.

Dost thou not dwell among the Just?
And yet our Foes deride,
That we should make thy Name our Trust:
Great GOD, confound their Pride.

IV.

O that the joyful Day were come,
To finish our Distress!
When GOD shall bring his Children home,
Our Songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a Saint; or *A Citizen of Zion*; or *The Qualifications of a Christian.*

I.

WHO, shall inhabit in thy Hill,
O GOD of Holiness?
Whom will the LORD admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

II.

The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

III.

He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart;
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

IV.

The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the LORD;
And tho' to his own Hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his Word.

V.

His Hands diſdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor:
This Man ſhall dwell with GOD on Earth,
And find his Heav'n ſecure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and Juſtice, Goodneſs and Truth; or *Duties to* GOD *and Man*; or *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

I.

WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly Place,
Great GOD, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with GOD below:

II.

Whoſe Hands are pure, whoſe Heart is clean;
Whoſe Lips ſtill ſpeak the Thing they mean:
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue;
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

III.

[Scarce will he truſt an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Sinners of State he can deſpiſe,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

IV.

[Firm to his Word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his Promiſe good:
Nor dares to change the Thing he ſwears,
Whatever Pain or Loſs he bears.]

V.

[He never deals in bribing Gold;
And mourns that Juſtice ſhould be ſold:
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.]

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his Face;
And doth to all Men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

VII.

Yet, when his holieſt Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone:
This is the Man thy Face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, LORD, with Thee.

Since our Bleſſed Saviour, in the New Teſtament, has ſo much explained the Duties of the Law, and publiſhed the Goſpel, I could not paſs over this Pſalm of the Characters of the *Jewiſh* Saint, without inſerting ſome brighter Articles that muſt belong to the *Chriſtian*: Such as, *Alms and Charity to the Poor, Love to Enemies, Bleſſing thoſe that curſe us, Doing to others as we would have them do to us,* and *Hope of Acceptance only through Divine Grace.*

I thought it neceſſary alſo to leave out the Mention of *Uſury*, *ver.* 5. which though politically forbidden by the Jews among themſelves, was never unlawful to the Gentiles, nor to any Chriſtians, ſince the Jewiſh Polity expired.

PSALM XVI. The First Part. Long Metre.

Confession of our Poverty; and Saints the best Company; or *Good Works profit Men, not* GOD.

I.

PReserve me, LORD, in Time of Need;
For Succour to thy Throne I flee;
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.

II.

Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praise can never make Thee blest,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

III.

Yet, LORD, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good we do;
These are the Company I keep,
These are the choicest Friends I know.

IV.

Let others choose the Sons of Mirth,
To give a Relish to their Wine;
I love the Men of heav'nly Birth,
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

PSALM XVI. The Second Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *All-sufficiency.*

I.

HOW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some Idol God?
I will not taste their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.

II.

My GOD provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon;

He for my Life has offer'd up
JESUS his best-beloved Son.

III.

His Love is my perpetual Feast;
By Day his Counsels guide me right:
And be his Name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet Advice by Night.

IV.

I set him still before mine Eyes;
At my right Hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprise,
And be my everlasting Guard.

From the Psalmist's Mention of Drink-offerings of Blood, I take Occasion to allude to the Sacrifice of CHRIST. *His Flesh is Meat indeed, and his Blood is Drink indeed,* John vi. 55.

PSALM XVI. The Third Part. Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

WHen GOD is nigh, my Faith is strong;
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:
Be glad, my Heart, rejoice my Tongue;
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

II.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

III.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous Way,
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

IV.

There Streams of endless Pleasure flow;
And full Discoveries of thy Grace,

(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

The last Verses of this Psalm are applied only to CHRIST, *Acts* xiii. 36. and ii. 23. &c, yet since they contain so fair a View of a Resurrection, which is so seldom found in this Book, I have formed these four Stanza's into such Expressions as may be assumed by Christians, and applied to themselves.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. The First Part. Common Metre.

Support and Counsel from GOD, *without Merit.*

I.

SAVE me, O LORD, from ev'ry Foe;
In Thee my Trust I place;
Tho' all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy Grace.

II.

Yet if my GOD prolong my Breath,
The Saints may profit by't;
The Saints, the Glory of the Earth,
The Men of my Delight.

III.

Let Heathens to their Idols haste,
And worship Wood or Stone;
But my delightful Lot is cast
Where the true GOD is known.

IV.

His Hand provides my constant Food;
He fills my daily Cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.

V.

GOD is my Portion and my Joy;
His Counsels are my Light:
He gives me sweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.

VI.

My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
To his all-seeing Eye;
Not Death, nor Hell, my Hope shall move,
While such a Friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI.

The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Death and Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

" I Set the LORD before my Face,
" He bears my Courage up:
" My Heart and Tongue their Joy express;
" My Flesh shall rest in Hope.

II.

" My Spirit, LORD, thou wilt not leave
" Where Souls departed are;
" Nor quit my Body to the Grave,
" To see Corruption there.

III.

" Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
" And raise me to thy Throne;
" Thy Courts immortal Pleasure give,
" Thy Presence Joys unknown."

IV.

[Thus in the Name of CHRIST the LORD,
The holy David sung;
And Providence fulfils the Word
Of his prophetic Tongue.

V.

JESUS, whom ev'ry Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the Tomb its Prey restores!
Behold he lives again!

VI.

When shall my Feet arise, and stand
On Heav'ns eternal Hills?
There sits the Son at GOD's right Hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

In this Version I have applied the three last Verses of this Psalm to CHRIST alone, as St *Peter* applies them, *Acts* ii. 23. yet instead of the fourth Line of the second Stanza, *To see Corruption there*; you may read thus, *To dwell for ever there*. And then the three first Stanza's may be sung alone, and applied to every Christian.

Stanza ii. It is now agreed by the Learned, that שְׁאוֹל *Sheol*, which is rendered *Hell*, signifies only the State of the Dead, that is, the *Grave* for the Body, and the *Separate State* for the Spirit.

PSALM XVII. *ver.* 13, *&c.* Short Metre.

Portion of Saints and Sinners; or *Hope and Despair in Death.*

I

ARISE, my gracious GOD,
And make the Wicked flee:
They are but thy chastizing Rod,
To drive thy Saints to thee.

II.

Behold the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleasure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

III.

Then let his Pride advance,
And boast of all his Store;
The LORD is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wish no more.

IV.

I shall behold the Face
Of my forgiving GOD;
And stand complete in Righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's Blood.

V.

There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Dreſt in the Likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

* *Stanza* v. The Heaven which Souls enjoy in the Separate State, is ſo much increaſed by the Reſurrection of the Body, that it may be called a *New* Heaven, the Heaven of the Body as well as of the Soul.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or *The Heaven of ſeparate Souls, and the Reſurrection.*

I.

LORD, I am thine: But thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

II.

Their Hope and Portion lies below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek: they take their Shares,
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

III.

What Sinners value, I reſign;
LORD, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand complete in Righteouſneſs.

IV.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World to which I go
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

V. O

V.

O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God!
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

VI.

My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surpriſe,
And in my Saviour's Image riſe.

The Senſe of a great Part of this Pſalm occurs ſo often in the Book of Pſalms, that I thought it neceſſary to tranſlate no more than theſe few Verſes of it, namely, Ver. 3. *Thou haſt proved my Heart, thou haſt tried me, and ſhalt find nothing.* Ver. 13. *The Wicked are thy Sword.* Ver. 14. *The Men of the World have their Portion in this Life, whoſe Belly thou fillеſt: They leave the reſt of their Subſtance to their Babes.* Ver. 15. *I ſhall behold thy Face in Righteouſneſs, I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy Likeneſs.*

I confeſs I have indulged a large Expoſition here, but I could not forbear to give my Thoughts a Looſe upon this divine Deſcription of complete Bleſſedneſs in the xvth Verſe; this bright Abridgment of Heaven.

From the Word *Awake*, I have taken occaſion to repreſent the departing Soul's *awaking* into the World of Spirits, as well as the Body's *awaking* from the Grave.

PSALM XVIII. The Firſt Part. Long Metre. *Ver.* 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from Deſpair; or *Temptations overcome.*

I.

THEE will I love, O LORD, my Strength,
My Rock, my Tower, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm ſhall be my Truſt,
For I have found Salvation thence.

II.

Death, and the Terrors of the Grave,
Stood round me with their diſmal Shade;

While Floods of high Temptations rose,
And made my sinking Soul afraid.

III.

I saw the op'ning Gates of Hell,
With endless Pains and Sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to Despair.

IV.

In my Distress I call'd my GOD,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint;
Then did his Grace appear divine.

V.

[With speed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Cherub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Lightning shone
The Face of my Deliv'rer, GOD.

VI.

Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blast of his Almighty Breath;
He sent Salvation from on High,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death]

VII.

Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage;
But CHRIST my LORD is Conqu'ror still,
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

VIII.

My Song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the LORD,
Due to his Mercy and his Pow'r.

I have divided this long Psalm into Three Parts, and accommodated the several Verses of it to our Spiritual Warfare and Victory through Grace as being of more frequent and general Use to Christians: Yet there are so noble Expressions of Triumph in God, and Thanks-

for Victory over temporal Enemies scattered up and down, that perſuaded me to form them afterwards in Common Metre alſo, agreeable to their original Deſign.

PSALM XVIII.

The Second Part. *Ver.* 20—26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

I.

LORD, thou haſt ſeen my Soul ſincere,
Haſt made thy Truth and Love appear;
Before mine Eyes I ſee thy Laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous Cauſe.

II.

Since I have learn'd thy holy Ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.

III.

What ſore Temptations broke my Reſt!
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breaſt!
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within,
I guard againſt my darling Sin.

IV.

That Sin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my Will;
When ſhall thy Spirit's ſov'reign Pow'r
Deſtroy it, that it riſe no more?

V.

[With an impartial Hand the LORD
Deals out to Mortals their Reward:
The kind and faithful Souls ſhall find
A GOD as faithful, and as kind.

VI.

The Juſt and Pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they:

And Men that love Revenge shall know,
God hath an Arm of Vengeance too.]

Psalm XVIII. The Third Part, v. 30, 31. 34, 35, 46, &c. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or *Salvation and Triumph.*

I.

JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my secure Abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a Refuge like our God?

II.

'Tis he that girds me with his Might;
Gives me his holy Sword to wield;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

III.

He lives, (and blessed be my Rock!)
The God of my Salvation lives:
The dark Designs of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.

IV.

Before the Scoffers of the Age
I will exalt my Father's Name;
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

V.

To David and his Royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever shall extend:
Thy Love to Saints in Christ their Head,
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XVIII. The First Part. Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

I.

WE love Thee, LORD, and we adore;
Now is thine Arm reveal'd:
Thou art our Strength, our heavenly Tow'r,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When GOD our Leader shines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Lightning of his Spear?

IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Aray
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And swift as Flames obey.

V.

He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are dismay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look
Strikes all their Courage dead.

VI.

He forms our Gen'rals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

VII.

[He arms our Captains to the Fight,
(Tho' there his Name's forgot;
He girded Cyrus with his Might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

VIII.

Oft has the LORD whole Nations blest,
For his own Church's Sake:
The Pow'rs that give his People Rest,
Shall of his Care partake.]

Stanza VII. Isa. xlv. 1, 5. *Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus—I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.*

PSALM XVIII. The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

I.

TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumphs of the Day:
Thy Terrors, LORD, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

II.

'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Pow'rs,
Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale
The proudest of their Tow'rs.

III.

How have we chas'd them thro' the Field,
And trod them to the Ground,
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found!

IV.

In vain to Idol-Saints they cry,
And perish in their Blood:
Where is a Rock so great, so high,
So powr'ful as our GOD!

V.

The Rock of Isr'el ever lives,
His Name be ever blest;
'Tis his own Arm the Vict'ry gives,
And gives his People Rest.

VI.

On Kings that reign as David did,
He pours his Blessings down;
Secures their Honours to their Seed,
And well supports their Crown.

PSALM XIX. The First Part. Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a LORD's-Day Morning.

I

BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker GOD,
And all his starry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

II.

The Darkness and the Light
Still keep their Course the same;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night,
Divinely teach his Name.

III.

In ev'ry diff'rent Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;
They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

IV.

Ye British Lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his Word;
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the LORD.

V.

His Statutes and Commands
Are set before our Eyes,
He puts his Gospel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

VI.

His Laws are just and pure,
His Truth without Deceit;
His Promises for ever sure,
And his Rewards are great.

VII.

[Not Honey to the Taste
Affords so much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace pass'd,
So much allures the Sight.

VIII.

While of thy Works I sing,
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my GOD, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.]

The Psalmist here, and in other Psalms, uses the Word *Law*, to express the five Books of Moses, or all the divine Revelation that he had in his Time; yet CHRIST and the Apostles so frequently distinguish the *Law* and the *Gospel*, that I have chosen to imitate their Language, and have often introduced the Words *Gospel*, *Truth* and *Promise*, instead of *Statutes*, *Testimonies*, &c. as being more agreeable to the Style of the New Testament.

Stanza VIII. I have here inserted the last Verse of the Psalm with an Evangelical Turn, as a proper Conclusion of this first Part; the whole being too long to be sung at once, according to our present Custom.

PSALM XIX. The Second Part. Short Metre.

GOD's *Word most excellent*; or *Sincerity and Watchfulness.*

For a LORD's-Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way:

His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

II.

But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner Light,
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy Judgments just!
For ever sure thy Promise, LORD,
And Men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious GOD, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heav'n.

PAUSE.

V.

I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

VI.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous Mind,
I would not dare transgress.

VII.

Warn me of ev'ry Sin;
Forgive my secret Faults;
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts,

VIII.

While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad;
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My Saviour and my God!

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared; or *The Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

I.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, LORD;
In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Power confess;
But the blest Volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

III.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, convey thy Praise
Round the whole Earth, and never stand;
So when thy Truth began its Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

IV.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run:
Till CHRIST has all the Nations blest
That see the Light or feel the Sun.

V.

Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise;
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

VI.

Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view,
In Souls renew'd and Sins forgiv'n:
LORD, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

Though the plain Deſign of the Pſalmiſt is to ſhew the Excellency of the Book of Scripture above the Book of Nature, in order to convert and ſave a Sinner, yet the Apoſtle Paul, in *Rom.* x. 18. applies or accommodates the 4th Verſe to the ſpreading of the Goſpel over the *Roman* Empire, which is called *the whole World* in the New Teſtament; and in this Verſion I have endeavoured to imitate him.

PSALM XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Pſ.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

I.

GREAT GOD, the Heaven's well-order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name;
There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear,
Of boundleſs Pow'r and Skill divine.

II.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

III.

Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journies of the Sun,
And ev'ry Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun, like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice

IV.

Where'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad,
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his Maker GOD;
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe.
Thus GOD in ev'ry Creature ſhines;
Fair is the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

V.

I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to Reſt.

VI.

From the Diſcov'ries of thy Law,
The perfect Rules of Life I draw;
Theſe are my Study and Delight;
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,
Nor Gold that hath the Furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.

VII.

Thy Threatnings wake my ſlumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel, LORD,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin,
And gives a free but large Reward.

VIII.

Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My GOD, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain:

Accept my poor Attempts of Praise,
That I have read thy Book of Grace,
And Book of Nature not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

I.

NOW may the GOD of Pow'r and Grace
Attend his Peoples humble Cry!
JEHOVAH hears when Isr'el prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on High.

II.

The Name of Jacob's GOD, defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He from his Sanctuary sends
Succour and Strength when Zion calls.

III.

Well he remembers all our Sighs;
His Love exceeds our best Deserts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Grones, and broken Hearts.

IV.

In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of Isr'el's GOD
Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

V.

Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
And some of Chariots make their Boasts;
Our surest Expectations are
From thee, the LORD of heav'nly Hosts.

VI.

O may the Mem'ry of thy Name
Inspire our Armies for the Fight!

Our Foes shall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with shameful Flight.]

VII.

Now save us, LORD, from slavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong,
Till thy Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

I.

THE King, O LORD, with Songs of Praise,
Shall in thy Strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy Salvation, raise
To Heav'n his chearful Voice.

II.

Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round
Has spread his glorious Name;
And his successful Actions crown'd
With Majesty and Fame.

III.

Then let the King on GOD alone
For timely Aid rely;
His Mercy shall support the Throne,
And all our Wants supply.

IV.

But, righteous LORD, his stubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand:
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those
That hate his mild Command.

V.

When Thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them consume.

VI.

Thus, LORD, thy wondrous Pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilst we glad Songs of Praise prepare
For thy Almighty Name.

I have borrowed almost all these Stanza's from Mr Tate's Version, and they seem very applicable to his present Majesty King GEORGE, 1716.

PSALM XXI. 1——). Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

I.

DAVID rejoic'd in GOD his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by special Grace;
But CHRIST the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praise.

II.

How great is the Messiah's Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
LORD, thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

III.

Thy Goodness grants whate'er he will;
Nor doth the least Request withhold;
Blessings of Love prevent him still,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

IV.

Honour and Majesty divine
Around his sacred Temples shine;
Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
And length of everlasting Days.

V.

Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes;
And, as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM XXII. 1—16. The First Part. Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

I.

"WHY has my GOD my Soul forsook,
"Nor will a Smile afford?"
(Thus David once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying LORD!)

II.

Tho' 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet thou canst hear a Grone as well,
And pity our Complaints.

III.

Our Fathers trusted in thy Name,
And great Deliv'rance found;
But I'm a Worm, despis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.

IV.

Shaking the Head they pass me by,
And laugh my Soul to Scorn;
"In vain he trusts in GOD, they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

V.

But Thou art he who form'd my Flesh
By thine Almighty Word;
And since I hung upon the Breast,
My Hope is in the LORD.

VI.

Why will my Father hide his Face
When Foes stand threatning round,
In the dark Hour of deep Distress?
And not an Helper found.

PAUSE.

VII.

Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,
As Bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As Lions roaring loud.

VIII.

From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet:
To multiply the Smart,
They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
And try to vex my Heart.

IX.

Yet if thy sov'reign Hand let loose
The Rage of Earth and Hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

X.

My GOD, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter Cup:
But I resign my Will to thee,
And drink the Sorrows up.

XI.

My Heart dissolves with Pangs unknown;
In Groans I waste my Breath;
Thy heavy Hand has brought me down
Low as the Dust of Death.

XII.

Father, I give my Spirit up,
And trust it in thy Hand;
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope,
And rise at thy Command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. The Second Part. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

I.

" NOW from the roaring Lion's Rage,
" O LORD, protect thy Son;
" Nor leave thy Darling to engage
" The Pow'rs of Hell alone."

II.

Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty Cries and Tears;
GOD heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

III.

Great was the Vict'ry of his Death;
His Throne exalted high:
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worship or shall die.

IV.

A num'rous Offspring must arise
From his expiring Grones;
They shall be reckon'd in his Eyes
For Daughters and for Sons.

V.

The meek and humble Souls shall see
His Table richly spread:
And all that seek the LORD shall be
With Joys immortal fed.

VI.

The Isles shall know the Righteousness
Of our incarnate GOD;
And Nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.*

CHRIST's *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

I.

NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our LORD,
When he complain'd in Tears of Blood,
As one forſaken of his GOD.

II.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhook their Heads, and laugh'd in Scorn;
" He reſcu'd others from the Grave;
" Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

III.

" This is the Man did once pretend
" GOD was his Father and his Friend;
" If GOD the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
" Why doth he fail to help him now?"

IV.

Barbarous People! Cruel Prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage Beaſts;
Like Lions gaping to devour,
When GOD hath left him in their Pow'r.

V.

They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

VI.

But GOD his Father heard his Cry:
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteouſneſs,
And humble Sinners taſte his Grace.

* In this Verſion I have abridged the whole Pſalm, and choſen only thoſe Verſes of it which are cited or explained in the New Teſtament, namely, 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 29, 31.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

GOD *our Shepherd.*

I.

MY Shepherd is the living LORD:
Now ſhall my Wants be well ſupply'd;
His Providence and holy Word,
Become my Safety and my Guide.

II.

In Paſtures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food's divinely bleſt.

III.

My wand'ring Feet his Ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me, for his Mercy's ſake,
In the fair Paths of Righteouſneſs.

IV.

Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope ſhall never fail,
For GOD my Shepherd's with me there.

V.

Amidſt the Darkneſs and the Deeps,
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff ſupports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

VI.

The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well,
With living Bread, and chearful Wine.

VII.

[How I rejoice, when on my Head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine Anointing, shed
Like Oil of Gladness at a Feast.

VIII.

Surely the Mercies of the LORD
Attend his Household all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

I.

MY Shepherd will supply my Need,
JEHOVAH is his Name;
In Pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living Stream.

II.

He brings my wand'ring Spirit back,
When I forsake his Ways:
And leads me, for his Mercy's sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

III.

When I walk thro' the Shades of Death,
Thy Presence is my Stay;
A Word of thy supporting Breath,
Drives all my Fears away.

IV.

Thy Hand, in Sight of all my Foes,
Doth still my Table spread;
My Cup with Blessings overflows;
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

V.

The sure Provisions of my GOD
Attend me all my Days;

O may thy House be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praise.

VI.

There would I find a settled Rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Guest,
But like a Child at Home.

Stanza IV. The *Oil* or *Ointment* that was used of old to anoint and perfume the Head, in the Sense and Language of the New Testament, must signify the *Communications of the Holy Spirit*, which is called *the Anointing*, 1 John ii. 20, 27. as I have explained it in the Long Metre; and *Psalm* xlv. 7. with *John* iii. 34. approves it.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

I.

THE LORD my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

II.

He leads me to the Place
Where heav'nly Pasture grows,
Where living Waters gently pass,
And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his most holy Name.

IV.

While he affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

V.

In ſight of all my Foes,
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

VI.

The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with GOD.

I.

THE Earth for ever is the LORD's,
With Adam's num'rous Race;
He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.

II.

But who among the Sons of Men
May viſit thine Abode?
He that has Hands from Miſchief clean,
Whoſe Heart is right with GOD.

III.

This is the Man may riſe and take
The Bleſſings of his Grace:
This is the Lot of thoſe that ſeek
The GOD of Jacob's Face.

IV.

Now let our Souls immortal Pow'rs
To meet the LORD prepare:
Lift up their everlaſting Doors,
The King of Glory's near.

V.

The King of Glory! Who can tell
The Wonders of his Might?
He rules the Nations; but to dwell
With Saints is his Delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or CHRIST's *Aſcenſion*.

I.

THIS ſpacious Earth is all the LORD's,
And Men and Worms, and Beaſts and Birds;
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

II.

But there's a brighter World on High,
Thy Palace, LORD, above the Sky:
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt Abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker, GOD?

III.

He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean;
Him ſhall the LORD the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his Soul with Righteouſneſs.

IV.

Theſe are the Men, the pious Race
That ſeek the GOD of Jacob's Face:
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful Sight,
And dwell in everlaſting Light.

PAUSE.

V.

Rejoice, ye ſhining Worlds on High,
Behold the King of Glory nigh:
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty LORD, the Saviour's He.

VI. Ye

VI.

Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves display
To make the LORD the SAVIOUR Way:
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell
The Conqu'ror comes, with GOD to dwell.

VII.

Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,
He opens Heav'ns eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode,
Near their Redeemer and their GOD.

If this Pſalm was written at the Aſcent of the Ark of GOD into Zion the City of David, it is not unnatural to apply it to the Preſence of CHRIST with his Church in Worſhip, as in the Common Metre; or to the Aſcenſion of CHRIST to Heaven, as in this Metre. In this, and other Parts of the Pſalm, I have endeavoured to make the Connection plain and eaſy, which is very obſcure in the Text.

PSALM XXV. 1—11. The Firſt Part.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I.

I Lift my Soul to GOD,
My Truſt is in his Name:
Let not my Foes that ſeek my Blood
Still triumph in my Shame.

II.

Sin and the Pow'rs of Hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
LORD, make me know thy Cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the Snare.

III.

From the firſt dawning Light,
Till the dark Ev'ning riſe,
For thy Salvation, LORD, I wait
With ever-longing Eyes.

IV.

Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;

Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

V.

The LORD is just and kind;
The Meek shall learn his Ways;
And ev'ry humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

VI.

For his own Goodness sake
He saves my Soul from Shame:
He pardons (though my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. The Second Part.

Divine Instruction.

I.

WHERE shall the Man be found
That fears t' offend his GOD;
That loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

II.

The LORD shall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
The Wonders of his Cov'nant show,
And all his Love impart.

III.

The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy still,
With such as to his Cov'nant stand,
And love to do his Will.

IV.

Their Soul shall dwell at Ease
Before their Maker's Face,
Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. The Third Part.
Distress of Soul; or *Backsliding and Desertion.*

I.

MINE Eyes and my Desire
Are ever to the LORD;
I love to plead his Promises,
And rest upon his Word.

II.

Turn, turn thee to my Soul;
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand release my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?

III.

When shall the sov'reign Grace
Of my forgiving GOD,
Restore me from those dang'rous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod?

IV.

The Tumult of my Thoughts
Doth but enlarge my Woe:
My Spirit languishes, my Heart
Is desolate and low.

V.

With ev'ry Morning Light
My Sorrow new begins;
Look on my Anguish and my Pain,
And pardon all my Sins.

PAUSE.

VI.

Behold the Hosts of Hell,
How cruel is their Hate?
Against my Life they rise, and join
Their Fury with Deceit.

VII.

O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame,
For I have plac'd my only Truſt
In my Redeemer's Name.

VIII.

With humble Faith I wait
To ſee thy Face again;
Of Iſr'el it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
He ſought the LORD in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination; or *Evidences of Grace.*

I.

JUdge me, O LORD, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart;
My Faith upon thy Promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

II.

I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With Men of Vanity and Lies;
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite,
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

III.

Amongſt thy Saints will I appear
With Hands well waſh'd in Innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy Bar,
The Blood of CHRIST is my Defence.

IV.

I love thy Habitation, LORD,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.

V.

Let not my Soul be join'd at last
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have past
Among the Saints, and near my God.

Psalm XXVII. 1—6. The First Part.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

I.

THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.

II.

One Privilege my Heart desires;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my God.

III.

There shall I offer my Requests,
And see thy Beauty still:
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there inquire thy Will.

IV.

When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
God has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.

V.

Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. The Second Part.

Prayer and Hope.

I.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye Children, seek my Grace;"
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
"I'll seek my Father's Face."

II.

Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
God of my Life, I fly to thee
In a distressing Day.

III.

Should Friends and Kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My GOD would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need supply.

IV.

My fainting Flesh had dy'd with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd,
To see thy Grace provide Relief;
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

V.

Wait on the LORD, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

The xxviiith Psalm has scarce any thing new, but what is repeated in other Psalms.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

I.

GIVE to the LORD, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the LORD Renown and Pow'r,

Aſcribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.

II.

The LORD proclaims his Pow'r aloud
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

III.

He ſpeaks, and Tempeſt, Hail and Wind,
Lay the wide Foreſt bare around;
The fearful Hart and frighted Hind
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

IV.

To Lebanon he turns his Voice,
And lo, the ſtately Cedars break;
The Mountains tremble at the Noiſe;
The Valleys rore, the Deſerts quake.

V.

The LORD ſits ſov'reign on the Flood;
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King:
But makes his Church his bleſt Abode,
Where we his awful Glories ſing.

VI.

In gentler Language there the LORD
The Counſels of his Grace imparts;
Amidſt the raging Storm his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM XXX. The Firſt Part.

Sickneſs healed, and Sorrow removed.

I.

I Will extol Thee, LORD, on high;
At thy Command Diſeaſes fly;
Who but a GOD can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark Borders of the Grave?

II.

Sing to the LORD, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodneſs is:
Let all your Pow'rs rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his Holineſs.

III.

His Anger but a Moment ſtays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days;
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-ſtar reſtores the Joy.

PSALM XXX. *ver.* 6. The Second Part.

Health, Sickneſs, and Recovery.

I.

FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be Night:
Fondly I ſaid within my Heart,
"Pleaſure and Peace will ne'er depart."

II.

But I forgot thine Arm was ſtrong,
Which made my Mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

III.

I cry'd aloud to thee, my GOD,
"What canſt thou profit by my Blood?
"Deep in the Duſt, can I declare
"Thy Truth, or ſing thy Goodneſs there?

IV.

"Hear me, O GOD of Grace, I ſaid,
"And bring me from among the Dead:"
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.

V.

My Grones, and Tears, and Forms of Woe,
Are turn'd to Joy and Praiſes now;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Eaſe and Gladneſs gird me round.

VI.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy Name;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Earth and Heav'n,
For Sickneſs heal'd and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. The First Part.

Deliverance from Death.

I.

INTO thine Hand, O GOD of Truth,
My Spirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And ſav'd me from the Pit.

II.

The Paſſions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.

III.

"My Times are in thy Hand, I cry'd,
"Tho' I draw near the Duſt:"
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The GOD in whom I truſt.

IV.

O make thy reconcil'd Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy's ſake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

V.

['Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
" I muſt deſpair and die;
" I am cut off before thine Eyes;"
But thou haſt heard my Cry.]

VI.

Thy Goodneſs! how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy Grace,
To thoſe that fear thy Majeſty,
And truſt thy Promiſes!

VII.

O love the LORD, all ye his Saints,
And ſing his Praiſes loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompence the Proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. The Second Part.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

I.

MY Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My GOD, my Help, my Truſt:
Thou haſt preſerv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Duſt.

II.

" My Life is ſpent with Grief, I cry'd;
" My Years conſum'd in Grones;
" My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
" And Sorrow waſtes my Bones."

III.

Among mine Enemies my Name
Was a mere Proverb grown,
While to my Neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

IV.

Slander and Fear on ev'ry Side
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And speedy Rescue found.

PAUSE.

V.

How great Deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the Sons of Men!
The lying Lips to Silence brought,
And made their Boastings vain!

VI.

Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues
Shall thy Pavilion hide;
Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
And crush the Sons of Pride.

VII.

Within thy secret Presence, LORD,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced City wall'd and barr'd
Secures a Saint so well.

I have much transposed the Parts of this Psalm, that I might unite the Verses of the same Sense and Subject nearer together, and contract them into two divine Hymns.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

I.

O Blessed Souls are they
Whose Sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the LORD
Imputes their Guilt no more.

II.

They mourn their Follies past,
And keep their Hearts with Care;

Their Lips and Lives without Deceit,
Shall prove their Faith sincere.

III.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the fest'ring Wound;
Till I confess'd my Sins to Thee,
And ready Pardon found.

IV.

Let Sinners learn to pray;
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help in Times of deep Distress,
Is found in GOD alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon and sincere Obedience; or *Confession and Forgiveness.*

I.

HAPPY the Man to whom his GOD
No more imputes his Sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's Blood,
Hath made his Garments clean!

II.

Happy beyond Expression he
Whose Debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free,
He feels his Soul enlarg'd.

III.

His Spirit hates Deceit and Lies,
His Words are all sincere;
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conscience clear.

IV.

While I my inward Guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find:

Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.

V.

Then I confeſs'd my troubled Thoughts,
My ſecret Sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon ſeal'd.

VI.

This ſhall invite thy Saints to pray;
When like a raging Flood
Temptations riſe, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving GOD.

PSALM XXXII. The Firſt Part. Long Metre.

Repentance and Free Pardon; or *Juſtification and Sanctification.*

I.

BLEST is the Man, for ever bleſs'd,
Whoſe Guilt is pardon'd by his GOD;
Whoſe Sins with Sorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.

II.

Bleſt is the Man to whom the LORD
Imputes not his Iniquities;
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.

III.

From Guile his Heart and Lips are free;
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith ſincere.

IV.

How glorious is that Righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his Sins!

While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and shines.

These two first Verses of this Psalm being cited by the Apostle in the 1vth Chapter of *Romans*, to shew the Freedom of our Pardon, and Justification by Grace without Works, I have, in this Version of it enlarged the Sense, by mention of the Blood of CHRIST, and Faith and Repentance; and because the Psalmist adds, *A Spirit in which is no Guile*, I have inserted that sincere Obedience, which is a Scriptural Evidence of our Faith and Justification.

PSALM XXXII. The Second Part. Long Metre.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

I.

WHILE I keep Silence and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conscience feel!
What Agonies of inward Smart!

II.

I spread my Sins before the LORD,
And all my secret Faults confess;
Thy Gospel speaks a pard'ning Word,
Thine holy Spirit seals the Grace.

III.

For this shall ev'ry humble Soul
Make swift Addresses to thy Seat:
When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest Retreat.

IV.

How safe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear?
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry Snare.

PSALM XXXIII. The First Part.
Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

REjoice, ye Righteous, in the LORD;
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, just and true!

II.

His Mercy and his Righteousness
Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wondrous Name.

III.

His Wisdom and Almighty Word
The heav'nly Arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the LORD
Their shining Hosts were made.

IV.

He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

V.

Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
With Fear before him stand:
He spake, and Nature took its Birth,
And rests on his Command.

VI.

He scorns the angry Nations' Rage,
And breaks their vain Designs;
His Counsel stands thro' ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. The Second Part. Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and GOD *all-sufficient.*

I.

BLEST is the Nation where the LORD
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.

II.

His Eye with infinite Survey
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mold.

III.

Kings are not rescu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horse
Can the bold Rider save.

IV.

Vain is the Strength of Beasts or Men,
To hope for Safety thence:
But holy Souls from GOD obtain
A strong and sure Defence.

V.

GOD is their Fear, and GOD their Trust;
When Plagues or Famine spread,
His watchful Eye secures the Just,
Amongst ten thousand Dead.

VI.

LORD, let our Hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And trust thy Grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII, as the 113th Psalm.
The First Part.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

YE holy Souls in GOD rejoice,
Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice;
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new:
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,
His Works of Nature and of Grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

II.

Justice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves;
His Word the heav'nly Arches spread;
How wide they shine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the starry Armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
Those wat'ry Treasures know their Place
In the vast Storehouse of the Deep:
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth,
And Fire and Seas, and Heav'n and Earth,
His everlasting Orders keep.

IV.

Let Mortals tremble and adore
A GOD of such resistless Pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands;
But his eternal Counsel stands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

PSALM XXXIII, as the 113th Psalm.
The Second Part.

Creatures vain, and GOD *all sufficient.*

I.

O Happy Nation, where the LORD
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne!
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways;
But GOD their Maker is unknown.

II.

Let Kings rely upon their Host,
And of his Strength the Champion boast:
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal Force,
Or Speed or Courage of an Horse,
To guard his Rider, or to fly.

III.

The Eye of thy Compassion, LORD,
Doth more secure Defence afford,
When Death or Dangers threatning stand:
Thy watchful Eye preserves the Just,
Who make thy Name their Fear and Trust,
When Wars or Famine waste the Land.

IV.

In Sickness or the bloody Field,
Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield,
Send us Salvation from thy Throne;
We wait to see thy Goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in Help divine,
For all our Hope is GOD alone.

PSALM XXXIV. The First Part. Long Metre.

God's Care of the Saints; or *Deliverance by Prayer.*

I.

LORD, I will bless thee all my Days,
Thy Praise shall dwell upon my Tongue;
My Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

II.

Come, magnify the LORD with me;
Come, let us all exalt his Name:
I sought th' eternal GOD, and He
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

III.

I told him all my secret Grief,
My secret Groning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

IV.

To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heav'nly Shine;
A Beam of Mercy from the Skies,
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

V.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that serve the LORD:
O fear and love Him, all his Saints,
Taste of his Grace, and trust his Word.

VI.

The wild young Lions, pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger, rore thro' all the Wood;
But none shall seek the LORD in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. The Second Part.
Long Metre.

Religious Education; or *Instructions of Piety.*

I.

CHildren in Years and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
Attend the Counsels of my Tongue;
Let pious Thoughts your Minds employ.

II.

If you desire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your mortal State,
Restrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.

III.

The Eyes of GOD regard his Saints;
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He sets his frowning Face against
The Sons of Violence and Lies.

IV.

To humble Souls and broken Hearts,
GOD with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts,
When Men in deep Contrition lie.

V.

He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones,
They in his Praise employ their Breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1—10. The First Part.
Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverances.

I.

I'LL bless the LORD from Day to Day;
How good are all his Ways!

Ye humble Souls that use to pray,
Come, help my Lips to Praise.

II.

Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Suff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.

III.

When threatning Sorrows round me stood,
And endless Fears arose,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes;

IV.

I told the LORD my sore Distress,
With heavy Grones and Tears;
He gave my sharpest Torments Ease,
And silenc'd all my Fears.

PAUSE.

V.

[O Sinners, come and taste his Love,
Come, learn his pleasant Ways,
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetness of his Grace.

VI.

He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell,
What Ills their heav'nly Care prevents,
No earthly Tongue can tell.]

VII.

[O love the LORD, ye Saints of his;
His Eye regards the Just!
How richly bless'd their Portion is,
Who make the LORD their Trust!

VIII.

Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger rore,
And famish in the Wood;
But GOD supplies his holy Poor
With ev'ry needful Good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. The Second Part.
Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

I.

COME, Children, learn to fear the LORD,
And that your Days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

II.

Depart from Mischief, practise Love,
Pursue the Works of Peace;
So shall the LORD your Ways approve,
And set your Souls at Ease.

III.

His Eyes awake to guard the Just,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,
The GOD of Grace is nigh.

IV.

What tho' the Sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The LORD who saves them all at last,
Is their Supporter now.

V.

Evil shall smite the Wicked dead;
But GOD secures his own,
Prevents the Mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

VI.

When Desolation like a Flood
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their GOD,
For He redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1—9. The First Part.

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints; or *Imprecations mixed with Charity.*

I.

NOW plead my Cause, Almighty GOD,
With all the Sons of Strife;
And fight against the Men of Blood,
Who fight against my Life.

II.

Draw out thy Spear, and stop their Way,
Lift thy avenging Rod;
But to my Soul in Mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour-GOD."

III.

They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Mischief spread;
Plunge the Destroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.

IV.

Let Fogs and Darkness hide their Way,
And slipp'ry be their Ground;
Thy Wrath shall make their Lives a Prey,
And all their Rage confound.

V.

They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath;
The Angel of the LORD behind,
Pursues them down to Death.

VI.

They love the Road that leads to Hell;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whose Malice is implacable
Against the LORD on high.

VII.

But if thou hast a chosen Few
Amongst that impious Race,
Divide them from the bloody Crew
By thy surpassing Grace.

VIII.

Then will I raise my tuneful Voice
To make thy Wonders known:
In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

Stanza VI. Among the Imprecations that David uses against his Adversaries in this Psalm, I have adventured to turn the Edge of some of them away from personal Enemies against the implacable Enemies of GOD in the World.

Stanza VII, VIII. Agreeably to the Spirit of the Gospel I have here further mollified these Imprecations by a charitable Distinction and Petition for their Souls, which Spirit of Evangelic Charity appears so conspicuous in the 12, 13, and 14th Verses of the Psalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a short distinct Hymn, enlarging on that glorious Character of a Christian, *Love to our Enemies*, commanded so particularly, and so divinely exemplified by CHRIST himself.

PSALM XXXV. *Ver.* 12, 13, 14. The Second Part.

Love to Enemies; or *the Love of* CHRIST *to Sinners typified in David.*

I.

BEhold the Love, the gen'rous Love,
That holy David shows:
Hark how his sounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!

II.

When they are sick, his Soul complains,
And seems to feel the Smart; The

The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.

III.

How did his flowing Tears condole,
As for a Brother dead!
And Fasting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

IV.

They gron'd and curs'd him on their Bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double Blessings on his Head
The righteous GOD returns.

V.

O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace!
Thus CHRIST the LORD appears;
While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.

VI.

He the true David, Isr'el's King,
Blest and belov'd of GOD,
To save us Rebels dead in Sin,
Pay'd his own dearest Blood.

See the Notes on the first Part of this Psalm. *Stanza* 1. *Sounding of the Bowels* is a Scriptural Metaphor, *Isa.* lxiii. 15.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of GOD; or *General Providence and Special Grace.*

I.

HIGH in the Heav'ns, eternal GOD!
Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;
Thy Truth shall break thro' ev'ry Cloud
That veils and darkens thy Designs.

II.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;

Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

IV.

My GOD! how excellent thy Grace;
Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs:
The Sons of Adam in Distress
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Provisions of thy House
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

VI.

Life, like a Fountain rich and free,
Springs from the Presence of my LORD;
And in thy Light our Souls shall see
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVI. *ver.* 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.

Common Metre.

Practical Atheism expos'd: or *the Being and Attributes of* GOD *asserted.*

I

WHile Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a GOD they own,
My Heart within me often says,
"Their Thoughts believe there's none."

II.

Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their Lips profess)

God hath no Wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his Grace.

III.

What strange Self-flatt'ry blinds their Eyes!
But there's a hast'ning Hour,
When they shall see with sore Surprise
The Terrors of thy Pow'r.

IV.

Thy Justice shall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.

V.

Above these Heaven created Rounds,
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds
Where Time and Nature end.

VI.

Safety to Man thy Goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the Beast;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children choose to rest.

VII.

[From thee, when Creature-streams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life shall flow,
And raise our Pleasures high.

VIII.

Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death close up our Eyes,
Thy Presence makes eternal Day,
Where Clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedneſs of Man, and the Majeſty of GOD; or *Practical Atheiſm expoſed.*

I.

WHEN Man grows bold in Sin,
My Heart within me cries,
"He hath no Faith of GOD within,
"Nor Fear before his Eyes."

II.

[He walks a while conceal'd
In a Self-flatt'ring Dream,
Till his dark Crimes at once reveal'd,
Expoſe his hateful Name.]

III.

His Heart is falſe and foul,
His Words are ſmooth and fair;
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodneſs there.

IV.

He plots upon his Bed
New Miſchiefs to fulfil;
He ſets his Heart and Hand and Head
To practiſe all that's ill.

V.

But there's a dreadful GOD,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
His Juſtice hid behind the Cloud,
Shall one great Day appear.

VI.

His Truth tranſcends the Sky;
In Heav'n his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.

VII.

How excellent his Love!
Whence all our Safety springs:
O never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings.

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. The First Part.

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness and Unbelief; or *The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked*; or *The World's Hatred, and the Saints Patience.*

I.

WHY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

II.

As flow'ry Grass cut down at Noon
Before the Ev'ning fades,
So shall their Glories vanish soon
In everlasting Shades.

III.

Then let me make the LORD my Trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell amongst the Just,
And He'll provide me Food.

IV.

I to my GOD my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Desires fulfil.

V.

Mine Innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,

Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

VI.

The Meek at last the Earth possess,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches with abundant Peace
To humble Souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

VII.

Rest in the LORD, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay
To punish haughty Vice.

VIII.

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot and rage and fome;
The LORD derides them, for he sees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

IX.

They have drawn out the threatning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
To slay the Men that fear the LORD,
And bring the Righteous low.

X.

My GOD shall break their Bows, and burn
Their persecuting Darts;
Shall their own Swords against them turn,
And Pain surprise their Hearts.

I have turned the divine Instructions at the Beginning of this Psalm into the Form of holy Purposes, as more affecting and lively.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31.
The Second Part.

Charity to the Poor; or *Religion in Words and Deeds.*

I.

WHY do the wealthy Wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold?
The meaneſt Portion of the Juſt,
Excels the Sinner's Gold.

II.

The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
But ne'er deſigns to pay;
The Saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the Poor away.

III.

His Alms with lib'ral Heart he gives
Amongſt the Sons of Need;
His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,
And bleſſed is his Seed.

IV.

His Lips abhor to talk profane,
To ſlander or defraud;
His ready Tongue declares to Men
What he has learn'd of GOD.

V.

The Law and Goſpel of the LORD
Deep in his Heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His Feet ſhall never ſlide.

VI.

When Sinners fall, the Righteous ſtand,
Preſerv'd from ev'ry Snare;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. The Third Part.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

MY GOD, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy Hand supports them still.

II.

The LORD delights to see their Ways,
Their Virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Men he loves.

III.

The heav'nly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Blessings long to come.

IV.

Wait on the LORD, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their Pride was vain,
When Justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

V.

The haughty Sinner have I seen,
Not fearing Man nor GOD,
Like a tall Bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

VI.

And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
Destroy'd by Hands unseen;
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found,
Where all that Pride had been.

VII.

But mark the Man of Righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral Steps attend;
True Pleaſure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

This long Pſalm abounds with uſeful Inſtructions, and Encouragements to Piety, but the Verſes are very much unconnected and independent; therefore I have contracted and tranſpoſed them ſo as to reduce them to three Hymns of a moderate Length, and with ſome Connection of the Senſe.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of Conſcience and Relief; or *Repentance, and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

I.

AMIDST thy Wrath remember Love;
Reſtore thy Servant, LORD;
Nor let a Father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.

II.

Thine Arrows ſtick within my Heart;
My Fleſh is ſorely preſt;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart,
My Spirit finds no Reſt.

III.

My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

IV.

My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea;
My Head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day
Beneath my Father's Frown.

V.

LORD, I am weak and broken ſore;
None of my Pow'rs are whole;

The inward Anguish makes me rore,
The Anguish of my Soul.

VI.

All my Desire to thee is known;
Thine Eye counts ev'ry Tear,
And ev'ry Sigh and ev'ry Grone
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

VII.

Thou art my GOD, my only Hope;
My GOD will hear my Cry,
My GOD will bear my Spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

VIII.

[My Foot is ever apt to slide;
My Foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their Pleasure and their Pride,
When they supplant my Feet.

IX.

But I'll confess my Guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my Sin;
I'll mourn how weak my Graces be,
And beg Support Divine.

X.

My GOD, forgive my Follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O LORD of my Salvation haste,
Before thy Servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. The First Part.

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or *Prudence and Zeal.*

I.

THUS I resolv'd before the LORD;
"Now will I watch my Tongue,

"Left I let slip one sinful Word,
"Or do my Neighbour Wrong."

II.

And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With Men of Lives profane,
I'll set a double Guard that Day,
Nor let my Talk be vain.

III.

I'll scarce allow my Lips to speak
The pious Thoughts I feel,
Lest Scoffers should th' Occasion take
To mock my holy Zeal.

IV.

Yet if some proper Hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing Sinners hear
That I can speak for GOD.

I have not confined myself here to the Sense of the Psalmist, but have taken Occasion from the three first Verses to write a short Hymn on the *Government of the Tongue.*

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. The Second Part.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

I.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Dust,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

III.

See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain;

They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their Noiſe is vain.

IV.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show;
Some dig for golden Ore;
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

V.

What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From Creatures, Earth and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

VI.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recall;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up,
And make my GOD my All.

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. The Third Part.

Sick-Bed Devotion; or *Pleading without Repining*.

I.

GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

II.

Diſeaſes are thy Servants, LORD;
They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.

III.

Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy ſharp Rebukes;

My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Crush'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand,
We moulder to the Dust;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our Beauty's lost.

V.

[This mortal Life decays apace;
How soon the Bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous Race,
Are Vanity and Smoke.]

VI.

I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the Summons hear.

VII.

But if my Life be spar'd a while
Before my last Remove,
Thy Praise shall be my Business still,
And I'll declare thy Love.

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. The First Part.
Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I.

I Waited patient for the LORD,
He bow'd to hear my Cry;
He saw me resting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

II.

He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,

And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

III.

Firm on a Rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my chearful Tongue
To praiſe the Wonders of his Hand,
In a new thankful Song.

IV.

I'll ſpread his Works of Grace abroad;
The Saints with Joy ſhall hear,
And Sinners learn to make my GOD
Their only Hope and Fear.

V.

How many are thy Thoughts of Love!
Thy Mercies, LORD, how great!
We have not Words nor Hours enough
Their Number to repeat.

VI.

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My GOD beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PSALM XL. 6—9. The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of CHRIST.

I.

THus ſaith the LORD, "Your Work is vain,
"Give your Burnt-off'rings o'er;
"In dying Goats and Bullocks ſlain
"My Soul delights no more."

II.

Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My GOD, to do thy Will;
"Whate'er thy ſacred Books declare,
"Thy Servant ſhall fulfill."

III.

" Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
" I keep it near my Heart;
" Mine Ears are open'd with Delight
" To what thy Lips impart."

IV.

And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' Eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed Time assumes
The Body God prepares.

V.

Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the Way of Righteousness,
Where great Assemblies stood.

VI.

His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners' Cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's Part,
Was made a Sacrifice.

PAUSE.

VII.

No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
Could wash the Conscience clean,
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our Sin.

VIII.

Then was the great Salvation spread,
And Satan's Kingdom shook;
Thus, by the Woman's promis'd Seed
The Serpent's Head was broke.

If David had written this Psalm in the Days of the Gospel, surely he would have given a much more express and particular Account of the Sacrifice of CHRIST, as he hath done of his Preaching, *ver.* 9, 10. and enlarged as Paul does in *Heb.* x. 4, &c. where this Psalm

is cited. I have done no more therefore in this Paraphrase, than what I am persuaded the Psalmist himself would have done in the Time of Christianity.

The Scriptures which I have used here on this Occasion are, *Heb.* x. 4. *It is not possible the Blood of Bulls and of Goats should take away Sin.* Ver. 5. *A Body hast thou prepared me.* John vii. 18. *I seek the Glory of him that sent me.* Heb. x. 26. *He appeared to put away Sin by the Sacrifice of himself.* Gen. iii. 15. *The Seed of the Woman shall bruise the Serpent's Head.*

PSALM XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

CHRIST *our Sacrifice.*

I.

THE Wonders, LORD, thy Love has wrought,
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

II.

No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt,
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou hast set before our Eyes
An all-sufficient Sacrifice.

III.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears!
To thy Desires he bows his Ears;
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.

IV.

"Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
"Of Sins, and do thy Will, my GOD!

V.

"'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's Part;
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

VI.

" I'll magnify thy holy Law,
" And Rebels to Obedience draw,
" When on my Crofs I'm lifted high,
" Or to my Crown above the Sky.

VII.

" The Spirit fhall defcend and fhow
" What Thou haft done, and what I do;
" The wond'ring World fhall learn thy Grace,
" Thy Wifdom, and thy Righteoufnefs."

Befides fome of the Scriptures mentioned under the former Metre, I have here made ufe of thefe alfo. 1 *John* ii. 5. *The Son of God was manifefted, &c.* 1 Peter ii. 24. *He bare our Sins.* Ifa. xliii. 21. *He will magnify the Law, and make it honourable.* John xii. 32. *If I be lifted up, I will draw all Men to me.* John xvi. 14. *The Spirit fhall receive of mine, and fhew it unto you.*

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or *Pity to the Afflicted.*

I.

BLEST is the Man whofe Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor;
Whofe Soul by fympathifing Love
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.

II.

His Heart contrives for their Relief
More Good than his own Hands can do;
He in the Time of gen'ral Grief
Shall find the LORD has Bowels too.

III.

His Soul fhall live fecure on Earth,
With fecret Bleffings on his Head,
When Drought and Peftilence and Dearth,
Around him multiply their Dead.

IV.

Or if he languifh on his Couch,
GOD will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,

Will save him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n.

The ten last Verses of this Psalm are of quite another Subject, relating to David's personal Enemies, which being so frequently repeated, I have often omitted.

The positive Blessings of long Life, Health, Recovery, and Security, in the midst of Dangers, being so much promised in the Old Testament, and so little in the New; I have given a Turn at the End of this Hymn, to discourage a too confident Expectation of these temporal Things, and led the Soul to heavenly Hopes, more agreeable to the Gospel.

PSALM XLII. 1—5. The First Part.

Desertion and Hope; or *Complaint of Absence from public Worship.*

I.

WITH earnest Longings of the Mind,
My GOD, to Thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart to find
And taste the cooling Brook.

II.

When shall I see thy Courts of Grace,
And meet my GOD again?
So long an Absence from thy Face
My Heart endures with Pain.

III.

Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repast;
The Foe insults without Controul,
"And where's your GOD at last?"

IV.

'Tis with a mournful Pleasure now
I think on ancient Days:
Then to thy House did Numbers go
And all our Work was Praise.

V.

But why's my Soul sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load?

Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
And sin against my GOD?

VI.

Hope in the LORD, whose mighty Hand
Can all thy Woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring Love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. The Second Part.

Melancholy Thoughts reproved; or *Hope in Affliction*.

I.

MY Spirit sinks within me, LORD;
But I will call thy Name to mind,
And Times of past Distress record,
When I have found my GOD was kind.

II.

Huge Troubles with tumultuous Noise
Swell like a Sea, and round me spread;
Thy Water-spouts drown all my Joys,
And rising Waves roll o'er my Head.

III.

Yet will the LORD command his Love
When I address his Throne by Day:
Nor in the Night his Grace remove;
The Night shall hear me sing and pray.

IV.

I'll cast myself before his Feet,
And say, "My GOD, my heav'nly Rock!
"Why doth thy Love so long forget
"The Soul that grones beneath thy Stroke?"

V.

I'll chide my Heart that sinks so low,
Why should my Soul indulge her Grief?
Hope in the LORD, and praise him too;
He is my Rest, my sure Relief.

VI.

Thy Light and Truth shall guide me still;
Thy Word shall my best Thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly Hill,
My God, my most exceeding Joy!

The 43d Psalm is so near akin to this, that I have omitted it, only borrowing the 3d and 4th Verses to conclude this Hymn.

Psalm XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

I.

LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days:

II.

How thou didst build thy Churches here,
And make thy Gospel known;
Amongst them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory shone.

III.

In God they boasted all the Day;
And in a chearful Throng
Did Thousands meet to praise and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.

IV.

But now our Souls are seiz'd with Shame,
Confusion fills our Face,
To hear the Enemy blaspheme,
And Fools reproach thy Grace.

V.

Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsly dealt with Heav'n;
Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
Of Duty thou hast giv'n.

VI.

Tho' Dragons all around us rore
With their deſtructive Breath,
And thine own Hand has bruis'd us ſore,
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

VII.

We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cauſe,
As Sheep for Slaughter bound we lie
By ſharp and bloody Laws.

VIII.

Awake, ariſe, Almighty LORD!
Why ſleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why ſhould we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy Face?

IX.

Wilt thou for ever caſt us off,
And ſtill neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thy heav'nly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?

X.

Down to the Duſt our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
Riſe for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Pow'rs confound.

XI.

Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our Saviour and our GOD;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. The First Part. Short Metre.

The Glory of CHRIST; *the Success of the Gospel; and the Gentile Church.*

I.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are Divine;
Thy Lips with Blessings overflow;
And ev'ry Grace is thine.

II.

Now make thy Glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majesty to spread
The Conquests of thy Word.

III.

Strike thro' thy stubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t' obey;
While Justice, Meekness, Grace and Truth,
Attend thy glorious Way.

IV.

Thy Laws, O GOD, are right;
Thy Throne shall ever stand:
And thy victorious Gospel proves
A Scepter in thy Hand.

V.

[Thy Father and thy GOD
Hath without Measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy sacred Head.]

VI.

[Behold at thy right Hand
The Gentile Church is seen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]

VII.

Fair Bride, receive his Love:
Forget thy Father's Houſe;
Forſake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
And pay thy LORD thy Vows.

VIII.

O let thy GOD and King
Thy ſweeteſt Thoughts employ;
Thy Children ſhall his Honour ſing
In Palaces of Joy.

This Pſalm is a Deſcription of the perſonal Glories of CHRIST, and the Succeſs of his Goſpel; and probably it refers to the Gentile Church, becauſe ſhe is bid to *forget her Father's Houſe*; all under the Type of Solomon's Marriage to Pharaoh's Daughter.

Stanza v. John iii. 34. *God giveth not the Spirit by Meaſure unto Him.*

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The perſonal Glories and Government of CHRIST.

I.

I'LL ſpeak the Honours of my King;
His Form divinely fair;
None of the Sons of mortal Race
May with the LORD compare.

II.

Sweet is thy Speech, and heav'nly Grace
Upon thy Lips is ſhed:
Thy GOD with Bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred Head.

III.

Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majeſtic Sway:
Thy Terror ſhall ſtrike thro' thy Foes,
And make the World obey.

IV.

Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever ſtands;
Thy Word of Grace ſhall prove

A peaceful Scepter in thy Hands,
To rule thy Saints by Love.

V.

Justice and Truth attend thee still,
But Mercy is thy Choice;
And GOD, thy GOD, thy Soul shall fill
With most peculiar Joys.

PSALM XLV. The First Part. Long Metre.

The Glory of CHRIST, *and Power of his Gospel.*

I.

NOW be my Heart inspir'd to sing
The Glories of my Saviour-King,
JESUS the LORD; how heav'nly fair
His Form! How bright his Beauties are!

II.

O'er all the Sons of human Race
He shines with a superior Grace;
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Blessings all his State compose.

III.

Dress thee in Arms, most mighty LORD!
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword!
In Majesty and Glory ride,
With Truth and Meekness at thy Side.

IV.

Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart:
Or Words of Mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

V.

Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever stands;
Grace is the Scepter in thy Hands;
Thy Laws and Works are just and right;
Justice and Grace are thy Delight.

VI. GOD,

VI.

God, thine own God, has richly shed
His Oil of Gladness on thy Head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

Psalm LV. The Second Part. Long Metre.

Christ *and his Church*; or *the Mystical Marriage.*

I.

THE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majesty and Grace!
He comes with Blessings from Above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

II.

At his right Hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in purest Gold:
The World admires her heav'nly Dress;
Her Robe of Joy and Righteousness.

III.

He forms her Beauties like his own;
He calls and seats hear near his Throne:
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.

IV.

So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the Fav'rite of his Choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

V.

O happy Hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a num'rous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign.

VI.

Let endless Honours crown his Head;
Let ev'ry Age his Praises spread;
While we with chearful Songs approve
The Condescensions of his Love.

See the *Notes* on the Short Metre.

PSALM XLVI. The First Part.

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

I.

GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of sharp Distress invade;
Ere we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him present with his Aid.

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there:
Convulsions shake the solid World,
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled Ocean rore,
In sacred Peace our Souls abide;
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.

IV.

There is a Stream, whose gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our GOD;
Life, Love and Joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

V.

That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

VI.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. The Second Part.

GOD *fights for his Church.*

I.

LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms riſe;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

II.

The LORD of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's GOD is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought!
What Deſolations he has made!

III.

From Sea to Sea thro' all the Shores
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe:
When from on high his Thunder rores,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

IV.

He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

V.

"Be ſtill, and learn that I am GOD;
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad;
"But ſtill my Throne in Sion ſtands."

VI.

O LORD of Hosts, Almighty King!
While we so near thy Presence dwell,
Our Faith shall sit secure and sing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM XLVII.

CHRIST *Ascending and Reigning.*

I.

O For a Shout of sacred Joy
To GOD the Sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

II.

JESUS our GOD ascends on high!
His heav'nly Guards around,
Attend him rising thro' the Sky
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

III.

While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains:
Let all the Earth his Honour sing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

IV.

Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound;
Let Knowledge lead the Song;
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound,
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

V.

In Isr'el stood his ancient Throne;
He lov'd that chosen Race:
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taste his Grace.

VI.

The British Islands are the LORD's,
There Abraham's GOD is known;
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords,
Submit before his Throne.

The Ascent of CHRIST into Heaven is typified in this Psalm, by the Ark brought up to Zion, 2 *Sam* vi. 15. And the Kingdom of CHRIST among the Gentiles, is here represented by David's Victory over the Nations, *ver.* 3. I have chosen to omit the Type, and do Honour to my ascending and reigning Saviour in more express Language.

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. The First Part.

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

I.

[GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his Praise be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.

II.

These Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

III.

In Sion GOD is known,
A Refuge in Distress:
How bright has his Salvation shone
Through all her Palaces!

IV.

When Kings against her join'd,
And saw the LORD was there,
In wild Confusion of the Mind
They fled with hasty Fear.

V.

When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our Peace,
He sends his Tempest roring loud,
And sinks them in the Seas.

VI.

Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.

VII.

In ev'ry new Distress
We'll to his House repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And seek Deliv'rance there.

Psalm XLVIII. 10—14. The Second Part.

The Beauty of the Church; or *Gospel Worship and Order.*

I.

FAR as thy Name is known,
The World declares thy praise;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne,
Their Songs of Honour raise.

II.

With Joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counsels of thy Will.

III.

Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well:

IV.

The Orders of thy Houſe,
The Worſhip of thy Court,
The chearful Songs, the ſolemn Vows,
And make a fair Report.

V.

How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

VI.

The God we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14. The Firſt Part. Common Metre.

Pride and Death; or *the Vanity of Life and Riches.*

I.

WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Inſolence and Pride,
To ſee his Wealth and Honours flow
With ev'ry riſing Tide?

II.

[Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame Clay,
And boaſt as tho' his Fleſh was born
Of better Duſt than they?]

III.

Not all his Treaſures can procure
His Soul a ſhort Reprieve,
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.

IV.

[Life is a Bleſſing can't be ſold,
The Ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold,
That Man may never die.]

V.

He ſees the Brutiſh and the Wiſe,
The Tim'rous and the Brave,
Quit their Poſſeſſions, cloſe their Eyes,
And haſten to the Grave.

VI.

Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,—
"My Houſe ſhall ever ſtand:
"And that my Name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my Land."

VII.

Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are loſt;
How ſoon his Mem'ry dies!
His Name is written in the Duſt
Where his own Carcaſe lies.

PAUSE.

VIII.

This is the Folly of their Way;
And yet their Sons, as vain,
Approve the Words their Fathers ſay,
And act their Works again.

IX.

Men void of Wiſdom and of Grace,
If Honour raiſe them high,
Live like the Beaſt, a thoughtleſs Race,
And like the Beaſt they die.

X.

[Laid in the Grave like ſilly Sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,

Till the last Trumpet breaks their Sleep,
In Terror and Despair.]

PSALM XLIX. *Ver.* 14, 15. The Second Part.
Common Metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

I.

YE Sons of Pride, that hate the Just,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Dust,
Your Pomp shall rise no more.

II.

The last great Day shall change the Scene;
When will that Hour appear?
When shall the Just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

III.

GOD will my naked Soul receive,
When sep'rate from the Flesh;
And break the Prison of the Grave,
To raise my Bones afresh.

IV.

Heav'n is my everlasting Home;
Th' Inheritance is sure;
Let men of Pride their Rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

I.

WHY do the Proud insult the Poor,
And boast the large Estates they have?
How vain are Riches to secure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

II.

They can't redeem one Hour from Death,
With all the Wealth in which they truſt;
Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
When GOD commands him down to Duſt.

III.

There the dark Earth and diſmal Shade
Shall claſp their naked Bodies round;
That Fleſh ſo delicately fed,
Lies cold, and molders in the Ground.

IV.

Like thoughtleſs Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat;
The Saints ſhall in the Morning riſe,
And find th' Oppreſſor at their Feet.

V.

His Honours periſh in the Duſt,
And Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood:
That glorious Day exalts the Juſt
To full Dominion o'r the Proud.

VI.

My Saviour ſhall my Life reſtore,
And raiſe me from my dark Abode:
My Fleſh and Soul ſhall part no more;
But dwell for ever near my GOD.

PSALM L. 1—6. The Firſt Part. Common Metre.

The laſt Judgment; or *the Saints rewarded.*

I.

THE LORD, the Judge, before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh:
The Nations near the riſing Sun,
And near the Weſtern Sky.

II.

No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
" Judgment will ne'er begin ;"
No more abuse his long Delay,
To Impudence and Sin.

III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our God shall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way ;
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm,
Lead on the dreadful Day.

IV.

Heav'n from above his Call shall hear,
Attending Angels come ;
And Earth and Hell shall know and fear
His Justice and their Doom.

V.

" But gather all my Saints (He cries)
" That made their Peace with God
" By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
" And seal'd it with his Blood.

VI.

" Their Faith and Works brought forth to (Light,
" Shall make the World confess
" My Sentence of Reward is right,
" And Heav'n adore my Grace."

PSALM L. *ver.* 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. The Second Part. Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

I. (Fields,

THUS saith the LORD, " The spacious
" And Flocks and Herds are mine ;
" O'er all the Cattle of the Hills,
" I claim a Right Divine.

II.

" I ask no Sheep for Sacrifice,
" Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praise,
" Is all that I require.

III.

" Call upon me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand shall set thee free;
" Then shall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to Me.

IV.

" The Man that offers humble Praise,
" He glorifies me best:
" And those that tread my holy Ways,
" Shall my Salvation taste."

PSALM L. *ver.* 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. The Third Part. Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

I.

WHEN CHRIST to Judgment shall descend,
And Saints surround their LORD,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

II.

" Not for the want of Bullocks slain
" Will I the World reprove;
" Altars and Rites and Forms are vain,
" Without the Fire of Love.

III.

" And what have Hypocrites to do
" To bring their Sacrifice?
" They call my Statutes just and true
" But deal in Theft and Lies.

IV.

" Could you expect to 'scape my Sight,
" And sin without controul?
" But I shall bring your Crimes to Light,
" With Anguish in your Soul."

V.

Consider, ye that slight the LORD,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. The Third Part. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

I.

THE LORD, the Judge, his Churches warns,
Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their Hopes in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.

II.

Vile Wretches dare rehearse his Name,
With Lips of Falshood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

III.

They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's Face;
They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.

IV.

To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Lust, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practice ev'ry Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to GOD.

V.

And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.

VI.

O dreadful Hour! when God draws near,
And sets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath, their guilty Soul shall tear,
And no Deliv'rer dare to rise.

This Psalm having a plain Reference to the *Last Judgment*, I have in the first Part omitted every Thing that might obscure the Sense of it.

The latter Part of this Psalm being designed to expose and terrify all formal Worshippers and Hypocrites, I have formed two or three Hymns on that Subject with some Transposition and Paraphrase of the Verses; but I have kept the same Introduction still, by repeating the first Verse of the Psalm.

PSALM L. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

I.

THE LORD, the Sov'reign, sends his Summons forth,
Calls the South Nations, and awakes the North;
From East to West the sounding Orders spread,
Thro' distant Worlds, and Regions of the Dead:
No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay:
His Vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the Day!

II.

Behold the Judge descends, his Guards are nigh;
Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky;
Heav'n, Earth and Hell draw near; let all Things come,
To hear his Justice, and the Sinner's Doom:
But gather first my Saints, (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

III.

Behold my Cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood,
And sign'd with all the Names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient Worship or the New,

There's no Diſtinction here; come ſpread their Thrones,
And near me ſeat my Favorites and my Sons.

IV.

I, their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
My juſt eternal Sentence, and declare
Thoſe awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire:
I doom thee, painted Hypocrite, to Fire.

V.

Not for the want of Goats or Bullocks ſlain
Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
Without the Flames of Love. In vain the Store
Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beaſts and ſavage Breed,
Flocks, Herds and Fields, and Foreſts where they feed.

VI.

If I were hungry, would I aſk thee Food?
When did I thirſt or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy ſolemn Chatt'rings and fantaſtic Vows?
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Veſtments to behold,
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

VII.

Unthinking Wretch? how couldſt thou hope to pleaſe
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch Toys as theſe?
While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue,
Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother Wrong!
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adult'rers are thy choſen Friends.

VIII.

Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring Love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul,

IX.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;

Left, like a Lion, his last Vengeance tear
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliv'rer near.

In this Metre, as in some of the former, I have taken evident Occasion from this Psalm to represent the *last Judgment*, and have therefore left out those Verses that seem to interrupt that Sense.

Stanza iii. All the *Saints have made a Covenant with God by Sacrifice*, (as in the Text) and, as it were, set their Names to GOD's Covenant of Grace, ratified by the Sacrifice of CHRIST of eternal Virtue; though the Jews did it in the ancient Forms of Worship, and the Gentiles in the new.

Stanza VI, VII. As the Jewish formal Worshippers contented themselves with Burnt-offerings, *&c.* and trusted in them; so Hypocrites in Christianity build their Hopes upon outward Forms, gay Ceremonies, rigid Austerities, fanciful Vows, *&c.*

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

I.

THE GOD of Glory sends his Summons forth,
Calls the South Nations, and awakes the North:
From East to West the sov'reign Orders spread,
Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.
The Trumpet sounds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

II.

No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay:
His Vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the Day;
Behold the Judge descends; his Guards are nigh;
Tempests and Fire attend him down the Sky.
When GOD appears all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

III.

"Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, draw near: Let all Things come,
"To hear my Justice and the Sinner's Doom;
"But gather first my Saints: (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands."
When CHRIST returns, wake ev'ry chearful Passion;
And shout, ye Saints! He comes for your Salvation.

IV.

"Behold! my Cov'nant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood,

" And sign'd with all their Names: the Greek, the Jew!
" That paid the ancient Worship or the New."
There's no Distinction here, join all your Voices,
And raise your Heads, ye Saints, for Heav'n rejoices.

V.

" Here (saith the LORD) ye Angels spread their Thrones,
" And near me seat my Fav'rites and my Sons.
" Come, my Redeem'd, possess the Joys prepar'd
" Ere Time began; 'tis your divine Reward."
When CHRIST returns, wake ev'ry chearful Passion;
And shout, ye Saints! He comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the First.

VI.

" I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty GOD;
" I am the Judge: ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My just eternal Sentence, and declare
" Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear."
When GOD appears, all Nature shall adore him:
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

VII.

" Stand forth, thou bold Blasphemer, and profane;
" Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threat'nings vain:
" Thou Hypocrite, once dreft in Saints Attire,
" I doom thee, painted Hypocrite, to Fire."
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

VIII.

" Not for the want of Goats or Bullocks slain
" Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
" Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
" Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before."
Earth is the LORD's, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

IX.

" If I were hungry, would I ask thee Food?
" When did I thirst or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
" Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
" Flocks, Herds and Fields, and Forests where they feed."
All is the LORD's, he rules the wide Creation:
Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.

X.

" Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
" Thy solemn Chatt'rings and fantastic Vows?
" Are my Eyes charm'd thy Vestments to behold,
" Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?"
God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises
Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.

Pause the Second.

XI.

" Unthinking Wretch! How couldst thou hope to please
" A God, a Spirit, with such Toys as these?
" While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue,
" Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother Wrong?"
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

XII.

" In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends;
" Thieves and Adult'rers are thy chosen Friends;
" While the false Flatt'rer at my Altar waits,
" His harden'd Soul divine Instruction hates."
God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises
Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.

XIII.

" Silent I waited with long suffering Love:
" But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
" And cherish such an impious Thought within,
" That the All-Holy would indulge thy Sin?"
See God appears, all Nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.

XIV.

" Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
" And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.
" Now like a Lion shall my Vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliv'rer near.
Judgment concludes; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

Epiphonema.

" Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wise;
" Awake before this dreadful Morning rise:

" Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works [amend,
" Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend."
Then join the Saints, wake ev'ry chearful Paſſion;
When CHRIST returns, he comes for your Salvation.

If the former Heroick Metre do not fit the *old proper* Tune of the Fifteenth Pſalm for want of *double Rhymes* at the End of every Stanza, I have here altered the Form of it much, in order to fit it exactly to the *old proper* Tune; adding a *Chorus*, or (as ſome call it) the *Burden of the Song*, betwixt every Four Lines. I hope it will not be diſpleaſing to the more muſical Part of my Readers to be entertained with ſuch a Variety.

PSALM LI. The Firſt Part. Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

I.

SHEW Pity, LORD; O LORD forgive;
Let a repenting Rebel live:
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner truſt in thee?

II.

My Crimes are great, but don't ſurpaſs
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace;
Great GOD! thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

III.

O waſh my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conſcience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And paſt Offences pain my Eyes.

IV.

My Lips with Shame my Sins confeſs,
Againſt thy Law, againſt thy Grace;
LORD, ſhould thy Judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

V.

Should ſudden Vengeance ſeize my Breath,
I muſt pronounce thee juſt in Death;

And if my Soul were sent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

VI.

Yet save a trembling Sinner, LORD,
Whose Hope, still hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair.

PSALM XLI. The Second Part. Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

I.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts his Race, and taints us All.

II.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

III.

[Great GOD, create my Heart anew,
And form my Spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My Danger and my Remedy.]

IV.

Behold, I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The Leprosy lies deep within.

V.

No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can wash the dismal Stain away.

VI.

JESUS, my GOD, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No Jewish Types could cleanse me so.

VII.

While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

Stanza IV, V. Since the Psalmist seems to refer to the *Branch of Hyssop, sprinkling the Blood of the Bird, and the running Water*, Levit. xiv. 15. I have here enlarged upon the Insufficiency of all those Rites, for the cleansing of Sin, which is the *Leprosy* of the Soul.

Stanza VI. Such a glorious Occasion of introducing the *Blood of a Saviour*, could not be omitted here with Justice to David, or to CHRIST his Son.

PSALM LI. The Third Part. Long Metre.

The Backslider restored; or *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* CHRIST.

I

O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry!
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

II.

Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

III.

I cannot live without thy Light;
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thy holy Joys, my GOD, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD,
His Help and Comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

V.

A broken Heart, my GOD, my King!
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The GOD of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just;
Look down, O LORD, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

VII.

Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign Grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning GOD.

VII.

O may thy Love inspire my Tongue!
Salvation shall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs shall join to bless
The LORD, my Strength and Righteousness.

The 17th Verse, concerning the *Sacrifice of a broken Heart*, I have here transposed, to make an easier Connection.

PSALM LI. 3—13. The First Part. Common Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

I.

LORD, I would spread my sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes;

Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace,
How high my Crimes ariſe!

II.

Should'ſt thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
And cruſh my Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.

III.

I from the Stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin*.

IV.

Born in a World of Guilt, I drew
Contagion with my Breath;
And as my Days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter Prey for Death.

V.

Cleanſe me, O LORD, and clear my Soul
With thy forgiving Love:
O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove.

VI.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

VII.

Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy Throne,
And turn to GOD again.

* Or it may be read, *My Nature prone to Sin.*

PSALM LI. 14—17. The Second Part.
Common Metre.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of CHRIST.

I.

O God of Mercy, hear my Call,
My Load of Guilt remove;
Break down this separating Wall
That bars me from thy Love.

II.

Give me the Presence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness,
And make thy Praise my Song.

III.

No Blood of Goats nor Heifer slain
For Sin could e'er atone;
The Death of CHRIST shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

IV.

A Soul oppress with Sin's Desert
My God will ne'er despise:
An humble Grone, a broken Heart,
Is our best Sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

I.

ARE all the Foes of Sion Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints?

II.

They shall be seiz'd with sad Suprize;
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the Bones of them that rise
To do his Children Harm.

III.

III.

In vain the Sons of Satan boaſt
Of Armies in Array;
When GOD has firſt diſpers'd their Hoſt,
They fall an eaſy Prey.

IV.

O for a Word from Sion's King,
Her Captives to reſtore!
Jacob with all his Tribes ſhall ſing,
And Judah weep no more.

The firſt Part of this Pſalm is the ſame with the xivth.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16—18, 22.

Common Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

I.

O GOD, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears:
For Earth and Hell my Hurt deviſe,
And triumph in my Fears.

II.

Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Striſe,
To ſhake my Hope in GOD.

III.

With inward Pain my Heart-ſtrings ſound,
I grone with ev'ry Breath:
Horror and Fear beſet me round,
Amongſt the Shades of Death.

IV.

O were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings;
I'd fly, and make a long Remove
From all theſe reſtleſs Things.

V.

Let me to some wild Desert go,
And find a peaceful Home;
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

VI.

Vain Hopes, and vain Inventions all,
To 'scape the Rage of Hell!
The mighty GOD on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

VII.

By Morning Light I'll seek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry;
The Night shall hear me ask his Grace;
Nor will he long deny.

VIII.

GOD shall preserve my Soul from Fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand Angels must appear,
If he command their Aid.

IX.

I cast my Burdens on the LORD,
The LORD sustains them all;
My Courage rests upon his Word,
That Saints shall never fall.

X.

My highest Hopes shall not be vain;
My Lips shall spread his Praise;
While cruel and deceitful Men
Scarce live out half their Days.

I have left out some whole Psalms, and several Parts of others, that tend to fill the Mind with *overwhelming Sorrows*, or *sharp Resentment*; neither of which are so well suited to the Spirit of the Gospel, and therefore the particular Complaints of David against Achitophel here are entirely omitted.

PSALM LV. *ver.* 15—17, 19, 22.
Short Metre.

Dangerous Prosperity; or *Daily Devotion encouraged.*

I.

LET Sinners take their Course,
And choose the Road to Death;
But in the Worship of my GOD
I'll spend my daily Breath.

II.

My Thoughts address his Throne
When Morning brings the Light;
I seek his Blessing ev'ry Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

III.

Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal GOD;
While Sinners perish in Surprise
Beneath thine angry Rod.

IV.

Because they dwell at Ease,
And no sad Changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

V.

But I with all my Cares
Will lean upon the LORD;
I'll cast my Burden on his Arm,
And rest upon his Word.

VI.

His Arm shall well sustain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety stands
No earthly Pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falshood; or GOD's *Care of his People, in answer to Faith and Prayer.*

I.

O Thou whose Justice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppressor cease;
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace.

II.

The Sons of Violence and Lies
Join to devour me, LORD;
But as my hourly Dangers rise,
My Refuge is thy Word.

III.

In GOD most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my Trust;
Nor will I fear what Flesh can do,
The Offspring of the Dust.

IV.

They wrest my Words to Mischief still,
Charge me with unknown Faults;
Mischief doth all their Counsels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

V.

Shall they escape without thy Frown?
Must their Devices stand?
O cast the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand.

PAUSE.

VI.

GOD counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Grones affect his Ears;

Thou haſt a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.

VII.

When to thy Throne I raiſe my Cry,
The Wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is Prayer to reach the Sky,
So near is GOD to me.

VIII.

In thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

IX.

Thy ſolemn Vows are on me, LORD;
Thou ſhalt receive my Praiſe:
I'll ſing, "How faithful is thy Word!
"How righteous all thy Ways!"

X.

Thou haſt ſecur'd my Soul from Death;
O ſet thy Pris'ner free;
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praiſe for Protection, Grace and Truth.

I.

MY GOD, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundleſs Love, and Grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading Wings,
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

II.

Up to the Heav'ns I ſend my Cry,
The LORD will my Deſires perform;
He ſends his Angel from the Sky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning Storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

IV.

My Heart is fix'd: my Song shall raise
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

V.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost Sky;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII, as the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

I.

JUDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye despise the righteous Cause,
When th' injur'd Poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'scape secure,
While Gold and Greatness bribe your Hands?

II.

Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his Justice reigns;

Yet you invade the Rights of God,
And send your bold Decrees abroad,
To bind the Conscience in your Chains.

III.

A poison'd Arrow is your Tongue,
The Arrow sharp, the Poison strong,
And Death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no Counsels, Cries or Tears;
So the deaf Adder stops her Ears
Against the Pow'r of charming Sounds.

IV.

Break out their Teeth, eternal God!
Those Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
And crush the Serpents in the Dust:
As empty Chaff, when Whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping Tempest flies,
So let their Hopes and Names be lost.

V.

Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow dissolve and run;
Or Snails that perish in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never see the Sun.

VI.

Thus shall the Vengeance of the Lord
Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. 1—5, 10—12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

I.

LORD, hast thou cast the Nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath?
Shall Mercy ne'er return?

II.

The Terror of one Frown of thine
Melts all our Strength away;
Like Men that totter, drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Dismay.

III.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning Hand;
O heal the Island thou hast broke;
Confirm the wav'ring Land.

IV.

Lift up a Banner in the Field
For those that fear thy Name;
Save thy Beloved with thy Shield,
And put our Foes to Shame.

V.

Go with our Armies to the Fight,
Like a confed'rate GOD;
In vain confed'rate Pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted Rod.

VI.

Our Troops shall gain a wide Renown
By thy assisting Hand;
'Tis GOD that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1—6.

Safety in GOD.

I.

WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief
My Heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all Relief,
To Heav'n I lift mine Eyes.

II.

O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head;
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

III.

Within thy Presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

IV.

Thou givest me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless Life be their Reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. 5—12.

No Trust in the Creatures; or *Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

I.

MY Spirit looks to GOD alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

II.

Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:

When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

III.

False are the Men of high Degree;
The baser Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance, both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

IV.

Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Hearts on glitt'ring Dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

V.

Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
"All Pow'r is his eternal Due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

VI.

For sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne;
Thy Grace and Justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last Reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. The First Part.
Common Metre.

The Morning of a LORD's-*Day.*

I.

EARLY, my God, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face:
My thirsty Spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing Grace.

II.

So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,

Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

III.

I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

IV.

Not all the Blessings of a Feast
Can please my Soul so well,
As when thy richer Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.

V.

Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my chearful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

VI.

Thus, till my last expiring Day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. The Second Part. Common Metre.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

I.

'TWAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Pow'r,
I kept thy lovely Face in Sight,
Amidst the darkest Hour.

II.

My Flesh lay resting on my Bed;
My Soul arose on high;
"My God, my Life, my Hope, I said,
"Bring thy Salvation nigh."

III.

My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heav'nly Road:
But thy right Hand upholds me still,
While I purſue my God.

IV.

Thy Mercy ſtretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid;
My Tongue awakes and ſings.

V.

But the Deſtroyers of my Peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The Tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
And all my Sins be ſlain.

VI.

Thy Sword ſhall give my Foes to Death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after GOD; or *The Love of* GOD *better than Life.*

I.

GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim:
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;
The Glories that compoſe thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

II.

Thou Great and Good, thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my GOD;
And I am thine by ſacred Ties;
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

III.

With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As Travellers in thirsty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

IV.

With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
Oft have I seen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of sov'reign Grace.

V.

Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taste,
Nor all the Joys our Senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my chearful Passion so.

VI.

My Life itself without thy Love
No Taste of Pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresom Burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the LORD.

VII.

Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,
When busy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreshment to my Bed.

VIII.

I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise;
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking GOD.

I.

MY GOD, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.

II.

My thirsty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore;
Not Travellers in desert Lands
Can pant for Water more.

III.

Within thy Churches, LORD,
I long to find a Place;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

IV.

For Life without thy Love
No Relish can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the LORD.

V.

To Thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise Thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast,
Such Food or Pleasure give.

VI.

In wakeful Hours of Night
I call my GOD to mind;
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

VII.

Since Thou hast been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.

VIII.

The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my Steps.

After I had finished the *Common Metre* of this Psalm, I observed several pious Turns of Thought in Dr Patrick's Version, which I have copied in this Metre, though with some Difficulty, because of the shorter Lines.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. The First Part. Long Metre.

Public Prayer and Praise.

I.

THE Praise of Sion waits for Thee,
My GOD; and Praise becomes thy House:
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,
And there perform their public Vows.

II.

O Thou, whose Mercy bends the Skies
To save, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
And Islands of the Northern Sea.

III.

Against my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace shall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash my Garments white again.

IV.

Blest is the Man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind Access to Thee;

Give him a Place within thy House,
To taste thy Love divinely free.

PAUSE.

V.

Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel prepare for long Distress,
When Sion's GOD himself arrays
In Terror and in Righteousness.

VI.

With dreadful Glory GOD fulfils
What his afflicted Saints request;
And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love, to give his Churches Rest.

VII.

Then shall the flocking Nations run
To Sion's Hill, and own their LORD;
The rising and the setting Sun
Shall see the Saviour's Name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. The Second Part.
Long Metre.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea;
or *the* GOD *of Nature and Grace.*

I.

THE GOD of our Salvation hears
The Groans of Sion mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,
Thro' all the Way his Terror shines.

II.

On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remotest Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

III.

Sailors that travel o'er the Flood
Addreſs their frighted Souls to God,
When Tempeſts rage, and Billows rore,
At dreadful Diſtance from the Shore.

IV.

He bids the noiſy Tempeſts ceaſe;
He calms the raging Croud to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Winds and loud as Waves.

V.

Whole Kingdoms ſhaken by the Storm,
He ſettles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his Hand,
Firm on their old Foundations ſtand.

VI.

Behold his Enſigns ſweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze and Light'nings fly;
The Heathen Lands with ſwift ſurpriſe,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

VII.

At his Command the Morning Ray
Smiles in the Eaſt, and leads the day:
He guides the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of Weſtern Hills.

VIII.

Seaſons and Times obey his Voice;
The Ev'ning and the Morn rejoice
To ſee the Earth made ſoft with Show'rs,
Laden with Fruit, and dreſt in Flow'rs.

IX.

'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high
He gives the thirſty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops diſpenſe.

X.

The Desert grows a fruitful Field;
Abundant Food the Valleys yield;
The Valleys shout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

XI.

The Pastures smile in green Array;
There Lambs and larger Cattle play;
The larger Cattle and the Lamb
Each in his Language speak thy Name.

XII.

Thy Works pronounce thy Pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry Field thy Glories shine:
Thro' ev'ry Month thy Gifts appear:
Great GOD! thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. The First Part. Common Metre.

A Prayer-hearing GOD, *and the Gentiles called.*

I.

PRAISE waits in Sion, LORD, for thee;
There shall our Vows be paid:
Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

II.

LORD, our Iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning Grace is thine:
And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill
To conquer ev'ry Sin.

III.

Bless'd are the Men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy Face;
Give them a Dwelling in thine House,
To feast upon thy Grace.

IV.

In answ'ring what thy Church requests,
Thy Truth and Terror shine,
And Works of dreadful Righteousness
Fulfil thy kind Design.

V.

Thus shall the Wond'ring Nations see
The LORD is good and just;
And distant Islands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Trust.

VI.

They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, LORD,
When Signs in Heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Providence of GOD *in Air, Earth, and Sea*; or *The Blessing of Rain.*

I.

'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
GOD of eternal Pow'r!
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempests cease to rore.

II.

Thy Morning Light and Ev'ning Shade
Successive Comforts bring;
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,
Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.

III.

Seasons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
Heav'n, Earth and Air are thine;
When Clouds distil in fruitful Show'rs,
The Author is divine.

IV.

Thoſe wand'ring Ciſterns in the Sky,
Borne by the Winds around,
With wat'ry Treaſures well ſupply
The Furrows of the Ground.

V.

The thirſty Ridges drink their fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;
Thy Ways abound with Bleſſings ſtill,
Thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. The Third Part. Common Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Spring; or GOD *gives Rain.*

A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

I.

GOOD is the LORD, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care;
Viſits the Paſtures ev'ry Spring,
And bids the Graſs appear.

II.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their wat'ry Bleſſings from the Sky,
To chear the thirſty Land.

III.

The ſoften'd Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to ſpring;
The Valleys rich Proviſion yield,
And the poor Lab'rers ſing.

IV.

The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs;
The Meadows, dreſs'd in all their Pride,
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

V.

The barren Clods, refresh'd with Rain,
Promise a joyful Crop;
The parched Grounds look green again,
And raise the Reapers Hope.

VI.

The various Months thy Goodness crowns;
How beauteous are thy Ways!
The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds shout thy Praise.

PSALM LXVI. The First Part.

Governing Power and Goodness; or *Our Graces tried by Afflictions.*

I.

SING, all ye Nations, to the LORD,
Sing with a joyful Noise;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

II.

Say to the Pow'r that shakes the Sky,
"How terrible art Thou!
"Sinners before thy Presence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow."

III.

[Come, see the Wonders of our GOD,
How glorious are his Ways!
In Moses' Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While Isr'el pass'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And triumph in their GOD.]

V.

He rules by his resistless Might;
Will Rebel-Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?

VI.

O bless our GOD, and never cease;
Ye Saints fulfil his Praise;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

VII.

LORD, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring Souls,
To make our Graces shine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals,
The Metal to refine.

VIII.

Thro' wat'ry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to possess the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20. The Second Part.

Praise to GOD *for hearing Prayer.*

I.

NOW shall my solemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long Requests I made
In my distressful Hour.

II.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my GOD, and hear
The Wonders he has done.

III.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly Aid;

He sav'd my sinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

IV.

If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The LORD had shewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praises sung.

V.

But GOD (his Name be ever blest)
Has set my Spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Request,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

I.

SHINE, mighty GOD, on Britain shine
With Beams of Heav'nly Grace;
Reveal thy Pow'r through all our Coasts,
And shew thy smiling Face.

II.

[Amidst our Isle exalted high
Do thou our Glory stand,
And like a Wall of guardian Fire
Surround thy fav'rite Land.]

III.

When shall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And distant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their GOD?

IV.

Sing to the LORD, ye distant Lands,
Sing loud with solemn Voice;

While Britiſh Tongues exalt his Praiſe,
And Britiſh Hearts rejoice.

V.

He, the great LORD, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the World he made
In Juſtice and in Love.

VI.

Earth ſhall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increaſe;
Our GOD will crown his choſen Iſle
With Fruitfulneſs and Peace.

VII.

GOD the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt Favours here,
While the Creation's utmoſt Bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

Having tranſlated the Scene of this Pſalm to Great Britain, I have borrowed a devout and poetical Wiſh for the Happineſs of my native Land, from *Zech.* ii. 5. and offered it up in the ſecond Stanza. *I will be a Wall of Fire round about, and will be the Glory in the midſt of her.*

PSALM LXVIII. *ver.* 1—6, 32—35. The Firſt Part.

The Vengeance and Compaſſion of GOD.

I.

LET GOD ariſe in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight;
As Smoke that ſought to cloud the Skies
Before the riſing Tempeſt flies.

II.

[He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Juſtice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

III. He

III.

He rides and thunders thro' the Sky ;
His Name JEHOVAH ſounds on high :
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace ;
Ye Saints rejoice before his Face.

IV.

The Widow and the Fatherleſs
Fly to his Aid in ſharp Diſtreſs !
In him the Poor and Helpleſs find
A Judge that's juſt, a Father kind.

V.

He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Priſ'ners ſee the Light again ;
But Rebels that diſpute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

VI.

Kingdoms and Thrones to GOD belong ;
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song :
His wond'rous Names and Pow'rs rehearſe ;
His Honours ſhall enrich your Verſe.

VII.

He ſhakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms ;
How terrible is GOD in Arms !
In Iſr'el are his Mercies known,
Iſr'el is his peculiar Throne.

VIII.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt ;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Reſt :
When Terrors riſe and Nations faint,
GOD is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *ver.* 17, 18.
The Second Part.

CHRIST's *Aſcenſion, and the Gift of the Spirit.*

I.

LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand Angels fill'd the Sky;
Thoſe heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

II.

Not Sinai's Mountain could appear
More glorious when the LORD was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And ſtruck the choſen Tribes with Awe.

III.

How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
That thouſand Souls had captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

IV.

Rais'd by his Father to the Throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel Men,
That GOD might dwell on Earth again.

The 17th and 18th Verſes of this Pſalm are applied to the Aſcenſion of CHRIST, *Eph.* iv. 8. and the promiſed Spirit was then given to Men, *Acts* ii. 33.

PSALM LXVIII. *ver.* 19, 9, 20—22.
The Third Part.

Praiſe for Temporal Bleſſings; or *Common and ſpecial Mercies.*

I.

WE bleſs the LORD, the Juſt, the Good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food:
Who pours his Bleſſings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

II.

He ſends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
Refreſh the thirſty Earth again.

III.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Eſcapes from Death:
Safety and Health to GOD belong;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Bleſſings of his Love;
But the wide Diff'rence that remains
Is endleſs Joy, or endleſs Pains.

V.

The LORD that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting Wound.

VI.

But his right Hand his Saints ſhall raiſe
From the deep Earth or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial Love.

The Verſes marked in the Title afforded me ſeveral Hints to form a divine Song on the Subject there expreſſed.

PSALM LXIX. 1—14. The Firſt Part. Common Metre.

The Sufferings of CHRIST *for our Salvation.*

I.

" SAVE me, O GOD, the ſwelling Floods
" Break in upon my Soul:
" I ſink; and Sorrows o'er my Head
" Like mighty Waters roll.

II.

" I cry till all my Voice be gone;
" In Tears I waſte the Day."
" My GOD, behold my longing Eyes,
" And ſhorten thy Delay.

III.

" They hate my Soul without a Cauſe,
" And ſtill their Number grows
" More than the Hairs around my Head,
" And mighty are my Foes.

IV.

" 'Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe Honours to thy Law
" Which Sinners took away."

V.

Thus in the great MESSIAH's Name
The royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.

VI.

" Now ſhall the Saints rejoice and find
" Salvation in my Name,
" For I have borne their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain and Shame.

VII.

" Grief like a Garment cloth'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.

VIII.

" Amongſt my Brethren and the Jews
" I like a Stranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile Reproach to bring
" The Gentiles near to GOD.

IX.

" I came in ſinful Mortals Stead
" To do my Father's Will;
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.

X.

" My Faſting and my holy Grones
" Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But GOD from his celeſtial Throne
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

XI.

" He ſav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking Feet
" On well-eſtabliſh'd Ground.

XII.

" 'Twas in a moſt accepted Hour
" My Pray'r aroſe on high,
" And for my Sake my GOD ſhall hear
" The dying Sinners Cry."

Stanza VII. I borrow the *Robe of Righteouſneſs* from *Iſa.* lxi. 10. to anſwer the *Garment of Sackcloth*, ver. 11.

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Paſſion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

I.

NOW let our Lips with holy Fear
And mournful Pleaſure ſing
The Suff'rings of our great High-Prieſt,
The Sorrows of our King.

II.

He ſinks in Floods of deep Diſtreſs;
How high the Waters riſe!
While to his Heav'nly Father's Ear
He ſends perpetual Cries.

III.

" Hear me, O LORD, and save thy Son;
" Nor hide thy shining Face;
" Why should thy Fav'rite look like one
" Forsaken of thy Grace?

IV.

" With Rage they persecute the Man
" That grones beneath thy Wound,
" While for a Sacrifice I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

V.

" They tread my Honour to the Dust,
" And laugh when I complain:
" Their sharp insulting Slanders add
" Fresh Anguish to my Pain.

VI.

" All my Reproach is known to thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lies defile my Name.

VII.

" I look'd for Pity, but in vain;
" My Kindred are my Grief;
" I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
" But meet with no Relief.

VIII.

" With Vinegar they mock my Thirst;
" They give me Gall for Food;
" And sporting with my dying Grones,
" They triumph in my Blood.

IX.

" Shine into my distressed Soul,
" Let thy Compassion save;
" And though my Flesh sink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.

X.

" I shall arise to praise thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
" And thy Salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me on thy Throne."

Psalm LXIX. The Third Part. Common Metre.

Christ's *Obedience and Death*; or God *glorified and Sinners saved.*

I.

FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous Grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name;
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.

II.

His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy Will.

III.

His dying Grones, his living Songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

IV.

This shall his humble Followers see,
And set their Hearts at rest;
They by his Death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

V.

Let Heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their Voices raise,
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t' advance the Praise.

VI.

Zion is thine, most holy GOD;
Thy Son shall bless her Gates;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood,
For thy own Isr'el waits.

PSALM LXIX. The First Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Passion, and Sinners Salvation.*

I.

DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our LORD;
Behold the rising Billows roll
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

II.

In long Complaints he spends his Breath,
While Hosts of Hell, and Pow'rs of Death,
And all the Sons of Malice join
To execute their curst Design.

III.

Yet, gracious GOD, thy Pow'r and Love
Has made the Curse a Blessing prove;
Those dreadful Suff'rings of thy Son
Atton'd for Sins which we had done.

IV.

The Pangs of our expiring LORD
The Honours of thy Law restor'd:
His Sorrows made thy Justice known,
And paid for Follies not his own.

V.

O for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinner live;
The LORD will hear us in His Name,
Nor shall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM LXIX. *ver.* 7, &c. The Second Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST's *Sufferings and Zeal.*

I.

'TWAS for thy Sake, eternal GOD,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy Load
Of base Reproach and sore Disgrace,
And Shame defil'd his sacred Face.

II.

The Jews, his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cause.

III.

" [My Father's House, said he, was made
" A Place for Worship, not for Trade;"
Then scatt'ring all their Gold and Brass,
He scourg'd the Merchants from the Place.]

IV.

[Zeal for the Temple of his GOD
Consum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood:
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

V.

[His Friends forsook, his Followers fled,
While Foes and Arms surround his Head;
They curse him with a sland'rous Tongue,
And the false Judge maintains the Wrong.]

VI.

His Life they load with hateful Lies,
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful Tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.

VII.

[Wretches with Hearts as hard as Stones
Insult his Piety and Groans;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirst with Vinegar.]

VIII.

But God beheld, and from his Throne
Marks out the Men that hate his Son;
The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
Shall pour due Vengeance on their Head.

In both the Metres of this Psalm, I have applied it to the Sufferings of CHRIST, as the New Testament gives sufficient Reason by several Citations of this Psalm: From which Places I have borrowed the Particulars of his *Sufferings for our Sins*, his *Scourging the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple*, his *Crucifixion*, &c. But I have omitted the dreadful Imprecations on his Enemies, except what is inserted in this last *Stanza*, in the Way of a Prediction or Threatening.

Stanza v. The false Judge is the High-Priest, not Pilate.

PSALM LXXI. 5—9. The First Part.

The Aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

I.

MY God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth:
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.

II.

My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Pow'r,
With all these Limbs of mine:
And from my Mother's painful Hour,
I've been entirely thine.

III.

Still has my Life new Wonders seen,
Repeated ev'ry Year;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.

IV.

Cast me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs arise;
And round me let thy Glory shine,
Whene'er thy Servant dies.

V.

Then in the Hist'ry of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.
The Second Part.

CHRIST *our Strength and Righteousness.*

I.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace;

II.

Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy Graces first,
I speak thy Glories more.

III.

My Feet shall travel all the Length
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength,
To see my Father-GOD.

IV.

When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprising Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

V.

How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Vict'ries of my King!
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell,
Shall thy Salvation sing.

VI.

[My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my GOD,
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

VII.

Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkest Hours,
Nor think the Season long.]

If these Verses of the Psalmist do not directly intend, that *in God our Saviour is our Righteousness and Strength*, as *Isa.* xlv. 21—25. yet there is a fair Occasion given in the Words for this Evangelical Turn of Thought.

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. The Third Part.

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or *Old Age, Death and the Resurrection.*

I.

GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

II.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking Years,
If GOD, my Strength, depart?

III.

Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the surviving Age,

And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I shall quit the Stage.

IV.

The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next Remove;
O may these poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PAUSE.

V.

Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praise exceeds.

VI.

Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings rore,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

VII.

By long Experience have I known
Thy Sov'reign Pow'r to save;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

VIII.

When I lie bury'd deep in Dust,
My Flesh shall be thy Care;
These with'ring Limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

So fair a Profession and Faith of the Resurrection in verse 20. I could not omit without Injury to the Psalmist, and to my own Design.

PSALM LXXII. The First Part.

The Kingdom of CHRIST.

I.

GREAT GOD, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.

II.

Thy Scepter well becomes his Hands,
All Heav'n submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

III.

With Pow'r he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust;
His Worship and his Fear shall last,
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.

IV.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down;
His Grace on fainting Souls distils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirsty Hills.

V.

The Heathen Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overspreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.

VI.

The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Dress'd in the robes of Joy and Praise;
Peace, like a River, from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. The Second Part.

CHRIST's *Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

I.

JESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive Journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.

II.

[Behold the Islands with their Kings,
And Europe her best Tribute brings;
From North to South the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

III.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern Gold;
And barb'rous Nations at his Word
Submit, and bow, and own their LORD.]

IV.

For him shall endless Pray'r be made,
And Princes throng to crown his Head;
His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise
With ev'ry Morning Sacrifice.

V.

People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.

VI.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The Pris'ner leaps to lose his Chains;
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest.

VII.

[Where he displays his healing Pow'r,
Death and the Curse are known no more;
In him the Tribes of Adam boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.

VIII.

Let ev'ry Creature rise and bring
Peculiar Honours to our King;
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. The First Part. Common Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners curs'd.

I.

NOW I'm convinc'd the LORD is kind
To Men of Heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Despair.

II.

I griev'd to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their Death!

III.

"With well-fed Flesh and haughty Eyes
"They lay their Fears to sleep;
"Against the Heav'ns their Slanders rise,
"While Saints in Silence weep.

IV.

"In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
"And cleanse my Heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the Day,
"The Night renews my Pain."

V.

Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy Saints,
"And grieve the Men I love."

VI.

But still I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too severe.
Till I retir'd to search thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.

VII.

There, as in some prophetic Glass,
I saw the Sinner's Feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry Place,
Beside a fiery Pit.

VIII.

I heard the Wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were lost,
And he awakes in Hell.

IX.

LORD, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtless Beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked blest?

X.

Yet was I kept from fell Despair,
Upheld by Pow'r unknown:
That blessed Hand that broke the Snare,
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28. The Second Part. Common Metre.

GOD *our Portion here and hereafter.*

I.

GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up,
When sinking in Despair.

II.

Thy Counsels, LORD, shall guide my Feet
Thro' this dark Wilderness;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

III.

Were I in Heav'n without my GOD,
'Twould be no Joy to me;
And whilst this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but thee.

IV.

What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Flesh and Heart should faint,
GOD is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

V.

Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Presence, die;
Not all the Idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

VI.

But to draw near to thee, my GOD,
Shall be my sweet Employ;
My Tongue shall sound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20.
Long Metre.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

I.

LORD, what a thoughtless Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour shine!

II.

But O their End, their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry Rocks I see them stand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

III.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless Pain.

IV.

Their fancy'd Joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of softest Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

V.

Now I esteem their Mirth and Wine
Too dear to purchase with my Blood:
LORD, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my GOD.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

I.

SURE there's a righteous GOD;
Nor is Religion vain;

Tho' Men of Vice may boaſt aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

II.

I ſaw the Wicked riſe,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with ſcornful Eyes,
In Robes of Honour ſhine.

III.

[Pamper'd with wanton Eaſe,
Their Fleſh looks full and fair;
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

IV.

Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Thro' all their Life Oppreſſion reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

V.

Their impious Tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting GOD:
Their Malice blaſts the good Man's Name,
And ſpreads their Lies abroad.

VI.

But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to riſe;
" Is there a GOD that ſees or hears
" The Things below the Skies?"]

VII.

The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suſpenſe,
Till to thy Houſe my Feet were brought
To learn thy Juſtice thence.

VIII.

Thy Word with Light and Pow'r
Did my Miſtakes amend;
I view'd the Sinner's Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

IX.

On what a ſlipp'ry Steep
The thoughtleſs Wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep,
That waits their Fall below!

X.

LORD, at thy Feet I bow;
My Thoughts no more repine:
I call my GOD my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

This Pſalm is a moſt noble Compoſure; the Deſign and Model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable Pattern for a Poet to copy. But it being one ſingle Scheme of Thought, I was obliged to contract it, that it might be ſung at once; though the Dignity and Beauty of the Ode ſuffers much by this means.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church pleading with GOD *under ſore Perſecution.*

I.

WILL GOD for ever caſt us off,
His Wrath for ever ſmoke
Againſt the People of his Love,
His little choſen Flock?

II.

Think of the Tribes ſo dearly bought
With their Redeemer's Blood;
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy Glory ſtood.

III.

Lift up thy Feet, and march in haſte;
Aloud our Ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful Waſte
Is made within thy Walls.

IV.

Where once thy Churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy Foes profanely rore;
Over thy Gates their Enſigns hang,
Sad Tokens of their Pow'r.

V.

How are the Seats of Worſhip broke!
They tare thy Buildings down;
And he that deals the heavieſt Stroke,
Procures the chief Renown.

VI.

With Flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy Children in their Neſt;
"Come let us burn at once, they cry,
"The Temple and the Prieſt."

VII.

And ſtill to heighten our Diſtreſs,
Thy Preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted Signs of Pow'r and Grace,
Thy Pow'r and Grace are gone.

VIII.

No Prophet ſpeaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn;
There's not a Soul amongſt us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

IX.

How long, eternal GOD! how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaſpheme?

Shall Saints be made their endleſs Song,
And bear immortal Shame?

X.

Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thy holy Name profan'd?
And ſtill thy Jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thine Hand?

XI.

What ſtrange Deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In Ages long before!
And now no other GOD we own,
No other GOD adore.

XII.

Thou didſt divide the raging Sea
By thy reſiſtleſs Might,
To make thy Tribes a wond'rous Way,
And then ſecure their Flight.

XIII.

Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darkneſs and the Day?
Didſt not thou bid the Morning ſhine,
And mark the Sun his Way?

XIV.

Hath not thy Pow'r form'd ev'ry Coaſt,
And ſet the Earth its Bounds,
With Summer's Heat, and Winter's Froſt,
In their perpetual Rounds?

XV.

And ſhall the Sons of Earth and Duſt
That ſacred Pow'r blaſpheme?
Will not thy Hand, that form'd them firſt,
Avenge thine injur'd Name?

XVI.

Think on the Cov'nant thou haſt made,
And all thy Words of Love:

Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

XVII.

Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jeſt:
Plead thy own Cauſe, Almighty GOD,
And give thy Children Reſt.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from GOD *alone.*

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Acceſſion of King GEORGE to the Throne.

I.

TO thee, moſt Holy, and moſt High,
To thee we bring our thankful Praiſe;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave,
Her Frame diſſolv'd; her Fears were great;
When GOD a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And ſware to rule by wholeſom Laws;
His Foot ſhall tread th' Oppreſſor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cauſe.

IV.

Let haughty Sinners ſink their Pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful Head;
But lay their fooliſh Thoughts aſide,
And own the King that GOD hath made.

V. Such

V.

Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis GOD the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis GOD that lays another low.

VI.

No vain Pretence to royal Birth,
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne;
GOD, the great Sov'reign of the Earth,
Will rise, and make his Justice known.

VII.

[His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Vengeance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter Dregs.

VIII.

Now shall the LORD exalt the Just;
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Dust,
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or GOD's *Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

I.

IN Judah GOD of old was known;
His Name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy Throne,
And Sion was his Seat.

II.

Among the Praises of his Saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just Complaints
Against their haughty Foes.

III.

From Zion went his dreadful Word,
And broke the threat'ning Spear;
The Bow, the Arrows, and the Sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian War.

IV.

What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms else
But mighty Hills of Prey;
The Hill on which JEHOVAH dwells
Is glorious more than they.

V.

'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands:
The Men of Might slept fast in Death,
And never found their Hands.

VI.

At thy Rebuke, O Jacob's GOD,
Both Horse and Chariot fell:
Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod!
Thy Vengeance who can tell!

VII.

What Pow'r can stand before thy Sight
When once thy Wrath appears?
When Heav'n shines round with dreadful Light,
The Earth lies still and fears.

VIII.

When GOD in his own sov'reign Ways
Comes down to save th' Oppress,
The Wrath of Man shall work his Praise,
And he'll restrain the Rest.

IX.

[Vow to the LORD, and Tribute bring;
Ye Princes, fear his Frown;
His Terror shakes the proudest King,
And cuts an Army down.

X.

The Thunder of his ſharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes ſhall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forſook,
But dwells in Zion ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. The Firſt Part.

Melancholy aſſaulting, and Hope prevailing.

I.

TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I ſought his gracious Ear,
In the ſad Day when Troubles roſe,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

II.

Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on God the Juſt and Wiſe,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

III.

Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſt,
My Heart began to break;
My God, thy Wrath forbad my Reſt,
And kept my Eyes awake.

IV.

My overwhelming Sorrows grew
Till I could ſpeak no more;
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

V.

I call'd back Years and ancient Times,
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit ſearch'd for ſecret Crimes
That might withhold thy Grace.

VI.

I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the LORD no more be kind?
His Face appear no more?

VII.

Will he for ever cast me off?
His Promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger still prevail?

VIII.

But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark, despairing Frame,
Remembring what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is still the same.

IX.

I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recov'ring Grace,
When Flesh could hope no more.

X

Grace dwells with Justice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word,
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the LORD.

PSALM LXXVII. The Second Part.

Comfort derived from ancient Providences; or *Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.*

I.

"HOW awful is thy chast'ning Rod?"
(May thy own Children say)
"The Great, the Wise, the dreadful GOD!
"How holy is his Way!"

II.

I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient Wonders told,
And learn to truſt his Love.

III.

Long did the Houſe of Joſeph lie
With Egypt's Yoke oppreſt;
Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Reſt.

IV.

The Sons of good old Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he choſe.

V.

Iſr'el his People and his Sheep
Muſt follow where he calls:
He bids them venture thro' the Deep,
And makes the Waves their Walls.

VI.

The Waters ſaw thee, mighty GOD!
The Waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine Armies room.

VII.

Strange was thy Journey through the Sea;
Thy Footſteps, LORD, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous Way
That brings thy Mercies down.

VIII.

[Thy Voice, with Terror in the Sound,
Thro' Clouds and Darkneſs broke,
All Heav'n in Lightning ſhone around,
And Earth with Thunder ſhook.

IX.

Thine Arrows thro' the Skies were hurl'd:
How glorious is the LORD!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the World,
And his own Saints ador'd.

X.

He gave them Water from the Rock;
And safe by Moses' Hand
Thro' a dry Desert led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. The First Part.

Providences of GOD *recorded*; or *Pious Education and Instruction of Children.*

I.

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which GOD perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

II.

He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Thro' ev'ry rising Race.

III.

Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs;
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

IV.

Thus shall they learn in GOD alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practice his Commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. The Second Part.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or *the Sins and Chastisements of* GOD's *People.*

I.

O What a stiff rebellious House
Was Jacob's ancient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

II.

They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

III.

They saw the Plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging Hand;
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land!

IV.

They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march in Safety through,
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.

V.

A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
By Day it prov'd a shelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

VI.

He from the Rock their Thirst supply'd;
The gushing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A constant Miracle.

VII.

Yet they provok'd the LORD moſt High,
And dar'd diſtruſt his Hand;
"Can he with Bread our Hoſt ſupply
"Amidſt this deſert Land?"

VIII.

The LORD with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame;
His Terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PSALM LXXVIII. The Third Part.

The Puniſhment of Luxury and Intemperance; or *Chaſtiſement and Salvation.*

I.

WHEN Iſrael's Sins the LORD reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly Bread.

II.

He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treaſures known;
He gave the midnight Clouds Command
To pour Proviſion down.

III.

The Manna like a Morning-Show'r,
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heav'n ſo light, ſo pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

IV.

But they in murm'ring Language ſaid,
"Manna is all our Feaſt,
"We lothe this light, this airy Bread;
"We muſt have Fleſh to taſte."

V.

"Ye shall have Flesh to please your Lust,"
The LORD in Wrath reply'd;
And sent them Quails, like Sand or Dust,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

VI.

He gave them all their own Desire;
And greedy as they fed.
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebels dead.

VII.

When some were slain, the Rest return'd,
And sought the LORD with Tears;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their Fears.

VIII.

Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand
The Nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII. *ver.* 32, &c.
The Fourth Part.

Backsliding and Forgiveness; or *Sin punished, and Saints saved.*

I.

GREAT GOD, how oft did Isr'el prove
By Turns thine Anger and thy Love?
There in a Glass our Hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

II.

How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful Wonders GOD had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Pow'r nor trust his Grace.

III.

The LORD consum'd their Years in Pain,
And made their Travels long and vain;
A tedious March thro' unknown Ways
Wore out their Strength, and spent their Days.

IV.

Oft when they saw their Brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the LORD again;
Call'd him the Rock of their Abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their GOD.

V.

Their Pray'rs and Vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring Words or solemn Lies,
While their rebellious Tempers prove
False to his Cov'nant, and his Love.

VI.

Yet did his sov'reign Grace forgive
The Men who not deserv'd to live;
His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle Flame it burn'd.

VII.

He saw their Flesh was weak and frail,
He saw Temptations still prevail;
The GOD of Abra'am lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy Hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or *The Vineyard of* GOD *wasted.*

I.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who dost between the Cherubs dwell,
And ledst the Tribes, thy chosen Sheep,
Safe through the Desert and the Deep.

II.

Thy Church is in the Desert now:
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to Thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

III.

Great God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?

IV.

Instead of Wine and chearful Bread,
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

V.

Hast thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in Heathen Lands?
Did not thy Pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly Dews enrich the Ground?

VI.

How did the spreading Branches shoot,
And bless the Nations with their Fruit!
But now, dear LORD, look down and see
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

VII.

Why is its Beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her Fences waste?
Strangers and Foes against her join,
And ev'ry Beast devours thy Vine.

VIII.

Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn:

Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore:
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

IX.

LORD, when this Vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wert its Strength and Glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose.

X.

Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's Stock, from Jacob's Root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser Branches of the Tree:

XI.

'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand
Girt with thy Strength at thy right Hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With Pow'r and Grace above the rest.

XII.

O! for his Sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches lest they die;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore:
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. 1, 8—16.

The Warnings of GOD *to his People*; or *Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.*

I.

SING to the LORD aloud,
And make a joyful Noise;
GOD is our Strength, our Saviour-GOD,
Let Isr'el hear his Voice.

II.

"From vile Idolatry
"Preserve my Worship clean;

" I am the LORD who set thee free
" From Slavery and Sin.

III.

" Stretch thy Desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well;
" But if ye will refuse your GOD,
" If Isr'el will rebel;

IV.

" I'll leave them, saith the LORD,
" To their own Lusts a Prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous Road,
" 'Tis their own chosen Way.

V.

" Yet O! that all my Saints
" Would hearken to my Voice!
" Soon I would ease their sore Complaints,
" And bid their Hearts rejoice.

VI.

" While I destroy'd their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock,
" And they should taste the Stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD *the supreme Governor*; or *Magistrates warned.*

I.

AMONG th' Assemblies of the Great,
A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
The GOD of Heav'n as Judge, surveys
Those Gods on Earth, and all their Ways.

II.

Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous Cause?

When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more?

III.

They know not, LORD, nor will they know:
Dark are the Ways in which they go;
Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like Men.

IV.

Arise, O LORD, and let thy Son
Possess his universal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod;
He is our Judge, and He our GOD.

The last Verse of this Psalm may not improperly be applied to CHRIST, for he is that GOD that must *judge the Earth*, Psalm xcvi, and xcviii. and have the *Nations for his Inheritance*, Psalm ii. 8.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

I.

AND will the GOD of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep?
The GOD of Justice hold his Peace,
And let his Vengeance sleep?

II.

Behold what cursed Snares
The Men of Mischief spread:
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee,
Lift up their threat'ning Head.

III.

Against thy hidden Ones
Their Counsels they employ,
And Malice, with her watchful Eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

IV.

The Noble and the Baſe
Into thy Paſtures leap;
The Lion and the ſtupid Aſs
Conſpire to vex thy Sheep.

V.

"Come, let us join, they cry,
"To root them from the Ground,
"Till not the Name of Saints remain,
"Nor Mem'ry ſhall be found."

VI.

Awake, Almighty GOD,
And call thy Wrath to mind;
Give them like Foreſts to the Fire,
Or Stubble to the Wind.

VII.

Convince their Madneſs, LORD,
And make them ſeek thy Name;
Or elſe their ſtubborn Rage confound,
That they may die in Shame.

VIII.

Then ſhall the Nations know
That glorious dreadful Word,
JEHOVAH is thy Name alone,
And thou the Sov'reign LORD.

PSALM LXXXIV. The Firſt Part.

Long Metre.

The Pleaſure of Public Worſhip.

I.

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of Hoſts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Deſire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Fleſh would reſt in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for GOD;

My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and thee?

III.

The Sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her Young provides her Nest:
But will my God to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Children want?

IV.

Blest are the Saints who sit on high
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest Glories shine above,
And all their Work is Praise and Love.

V.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

VI.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;
God is their Strength; and through the Road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

VII.

Chearful they walk with growing Strength,
Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length,
Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. The Second Part.

Long Metre.

God *and his Church*; or *Grace and Glory.*

I.

GREAT God attend, while Zion sings
The Joy that from thy Presence springs;
To spend one Day with thee on Earth,
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

II.

Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thine Houſe, O God of Grace,
Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Pow'r,
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

III.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day;
God is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without and Foes within.

IV.

All needful Grace will God beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too;
He gives us all Things, and withholds
No real Good from upright Souls.

V.

O God, our King, whoſe ſov'reign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heav'n obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee;
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. *ver.* 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.
Paraphraſed in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip; or GOD *preſent in his Churches.*

I.

MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy God reſorts!
'Tis Heav'n to ſee his ſmiling Face,
Tho' in his earthly Courts.

II.

There the great Monarch of the Skies
His ſaving Pow'r diſplays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes
With kind and quick'ning Rays.

III.

With his rich Gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the Place,
While CHRIST reveals his wond'rous Love,
And sheds abroad his Grace.

IV.

There, mighty GOD, thy Works declare
The Secrets of thy Will;
And still we seek thy Mercy there,
And sing thy Praises still.

PAUSE.

V.

My Heart and Flesh cry out for Thee,
While far from thine Abode;
When shall I tread thy Courts, and see
My Saviour and my GOD?

VI.

The Sparrow builds herself a Nest,
And suffers no Remove;
O make me like the Sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

VII.

To sit one Day beneath thine Eye,
And hear thy gracious Voice,
Exceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

VIII.

LORD, at thy Threshold I would wait,
While JESUS is within,
Rather than fill a Throne of State,
Or live in Tents of Sin.

IX.

Could I command the spacious Land,
And the more boundless Sea,

For one bleſt Hour at thy right Hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV, as the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the Houſe of GOD.

I.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!
To thine Abode
My Heart aſpires,
With warm Deſires
To ſee my GOD.

II.

The Sparrow for her Young
With Pleaſure ſeeks a Neſt;
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wonted Reſt:
My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal
To riſe and dwell
Among thy Saints.

III.

O happy Souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

IV.

They go from Strength to Strength
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

V.

To ſpend one ſacred Day
Where GOD and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide;
Where GOD reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door,
Than ſhine in Courts.

VI.

GOD is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

VII.

The LORD his People loves;
His Hand no Good withholds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls;
Thrice happy he,
O GOD of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. *ver.* 1—8. The First Part.

Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or *Deliverance begun and completed.*

I.

LORD, thou hast call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy Doom;
So GOD forgave when Isr'el sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring Captives home.

II.

Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest Wrath abate;
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy Salvation be complete.

III.

Revive our dying Graces, LORD,
And let thy Saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word;
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.

IV.

We wait to hear what GOD will say;
He'll speak, and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. *ver.* 9, &c.
The Second Part.

Salvation by CHRIST.

I.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the LORD:
And Grace, descending from on high,
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

II.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from [Heav'n,

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

V.

To ſpend one ſacred Day
Where GOD and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide;
Where GOD reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door,
Than ſhine in Courts.

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With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
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But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. *ver.* 9, &c.
The Second Part.

Salvation by CHRIST.

I.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the LORD:
And Grace, descending from on high,
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

II.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
[Heav'n.

By his Obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

III.

Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heav'nly Influence bless the Ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

IV.

His Righteousness is gone before,
To give us free Access to GOD;
Our wand'ring Feet shall stray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

If some Readers should suppose the *English* Verse here to mistake the *Hebrew* Sense, yet perhaps these evangelical Allusions to the Words of the *Jewish* Psalmist, may be as agreeable and useful to the *Christian* Worshipper.

PSALM LXXXVI. *ver.* 8—13.

A general Song of Praise to GOD.

I.

AMONG the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Pow'r divine;
Nor is their Nature, mighty LORD!
Nor are their Works like thine.

II.

The Nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their Off'rings round thy Throne:
For thou alone dost wondrous Things,
For thou art GOD alone.

III.

LORD, I would walk with holy Feet;
Teach me thy heav'nly Ways;
And my poor scatter'd Thoughts unite
In GOD my Father's Praise.

IV.

Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall those sweet Wonders tell,

How by thy Grace my ſinking Soul
Roſe from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; or *Jews and Gentiles united in the Chriſtian Church.*

I.

GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly Praiſe:
He likes the Tents of Jacob well,
But ſtill in Zion loves to dwell.

II.

His Mercy viſits ev'ry Houſe
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praiſe and pray.

III.

What Glories were deſcrib'd of old?
What Wonders are of Zion told?
Thou City of our GOD below,
Thy Fame ſhall Tyre and Egypt know.

IV.

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men ſhall join to ſing
The Hills where living Waters ſpring.

V.

When GOD makes up his laſt Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,
'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born, or nouriſh'd there!

I have explained the ſecond Verſe at large, and tranſpoſed the laſt. For *Singers and Players on Inſtruments*, I have introduced *Angels* with *Men*.

PSALM LXXXIX. The First Part. Long Metre.

The Covenant made with CHRIST; or *the true David.*

I.

FOR ever shall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the LORD;
Mercy and Truth for ever stand,
Like Heav'n establish'd by his Hand.

II.

Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my Cov'nant first is made;
"In thee shall dying Sinners live,
"Glory and Grace are thine to give.

III.

"Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
"Thy Children shall be ever-blest;
"Thou art my chosen King: Thy Throne
"Shall stand eternal like my own.

IV.

"There's none of all my Sons above
"So much my Image or my Love;
"Celestial Pow'rs thy Subjects are;
"Then what can Earth to thee compare?

V.

"David, my Servant, whom I chose
"To guard my Flock, to crush my Foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewish Throne,
"Was but a Shadow of my Son."

VI.

Now let the Church rejoice and sing
JESUS her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heav'nly Wonders show,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIX. The First Part.
Common Metre.
The Faithfulness of GOD.

I.

MY never-ceasing Songs shall show
The Mercies of the LORD,
And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

II.

The sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure:
And if he speak a Promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.

III.

How long the Race of David held
The promis'd Jewish Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

IV.

His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.

V.

LORD GOD of Hosts, thy wondrous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. The Second Part.
The Power and Majesty of GOD; or *Reverential Worship.*

I.

WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear
And bow before the LORD,

His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

II.

How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies shine!
Where is the Pow'r that vies with thee?
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

III.

The Northern Pole and Southern rest
On thy supporting Hand;
Darkness and Day from East to West
Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Winds control,
And rule the boist'rous Deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows sleep.

V.

Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

VI.

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

I have here transposed the Verses a little, to make the Connection plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. The Third Part.

A Blessed Gospel.

I.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound;

Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

II.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The LORD our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. The Fourth Part.

CHRIST's *Mediatorial Kingdom*; or *his divine and human Nature.*

I.

HEAR what the LORD in Vision said,
And made his Mercy known:
"Sinners, behold, your Help is laid
"On my Almighty Son."

II.

Behold the Man my Wisdom chose
Among your mortal Race;
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace.

III.

High shall he reign on David's Throne,
My People's better King;
My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
And still new Subjects bring.

IV.

My Truth shall guard him in his Way,
With Mercy by his Side,

While in my Name thro' Earth and Sea
He shall in Triumph ride.

V.

Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode;
And I'll support my Son.

VI.

My First-born Son array'd in Grace
At my right Hand shall sit;
Beneath him Angels know their Place,
And Monarchs at his Feet.

VII.

My Cov'nant stands for ever fast;
My Promises are strong;
Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne shall last,
His Seed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. The Fifth Part.

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or *Afflictions without Rejection.*

I.

YET, saith the LORD, if David's Race,
The Children of my Son,
Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
And tempt mine Anger down;

II

Their Sins I'll visit with the Rod,
And make their Folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my Truth depart.

III.

My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in mind;

And what eternal Love hath ſpoke,
Eternal Truth ſhall bind.

IV.

Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holineſs,
To ſeal the ſacred Promiſe ſure
To David and his Race.

V.

The Sun ſhall ſee his Offſpring riſe,
And ſpread from Sea to Sea,
Long as he travels round the Skies,
To give the Nations Day.

VI.

Sure as the Moon that rules the Night,
His Kingdom ſhall endure,
Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. The Sixth Part.
Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Pſalm.

I.

REmember, LORD, our mortal State,
How frail our Life! how ſhort the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?

II.

LORD, while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry,
"Muſt Death for ever rage and reign;
"Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain?

III.

"Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt:
"Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt?"

But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.

IV.

That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake, our Souls! and bless the LORD.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. The Last Part, as the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

I.

THINK, mighty GOD, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how short his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can secure his vital Breath
Against the bold Demands of Death,
With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to save?

II.

LORD, shall it be for ever said,
"The Race of Man was only made
For Sickness, Sorrow, and the Dust?"
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
LORD, where's thy Kindness to the Just?

III.

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed, a heav'nly Crown?
But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair.
For ever blessed be the LORD,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.

IV.

For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who gives his Saints a long Reward

For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and GOD *Eternal.*

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

I.

THRO' ev'ry Age, eternal GOD!
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode;
High was thy Throne ere Heav'n was made,
Or Earth, thy humble Footſtool, laid.

II.

Long hadſt thou reign'd ere Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd into Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure,
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence, LORD, was juſt,
"Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt."

IV.

[A thouſand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thy Account;
Like Yeſterday's departed Light,
Or the laſt Watch of ending Night.

PAUSE.

V.

Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;
An empty Tale; a Morning Flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.]

VI.

[Our Age to seventy Years is set;
How short the Term! How frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and grone than live.

VII.

But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years!
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread;
We fear the Pow'r that strikes us dead.]

VIII.

Teach us, O LORD, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
Till a wise Care of Piety
Fits us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. 1—5. The First Part.
Common Metre.

Man frail, and GOD *eternal.*

I.

OUR GOD, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home;

II.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

III.

Before the Hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From Everlasting thou art GOD,
To endless Years the same.

IV.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
"Return, ye Sons of Men:"

All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

V.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the rising Sun.

VI.

[The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
With all their Lives and Cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the Flood,
And lost in following Years.

VII.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all his Sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

VIII.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand,
Pleas'd with the Morning-Light;
The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.]

IX.

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. The Second Part. Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.

I.

LORD, if thine Eyes survey our Faults,
And Justice grows severe,

Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

II.

Thine Anger turns our Frame to Duſt;
By one Offence to thee,
Adam, with all his Sons, have loſt
Their Immortality.

III.

Life, like a vain Amuſement flies,
A Fable or a Song:
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

IV.

'Tis but a few whoſe Days amount
To Threeſcore Years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort Account
Is Sorrow, Toil and Pain.

V.

[Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag thoſe poor Remains of Life
Along the tireſome Road.]

VI.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

VII.

Our Souls would learn the heav'nly Art
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM XC. *ver.* 13, &c. The Third Part. Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

I.

RETURN, O GOD of Love, return;
Earth is a tireſome Place:
How long ſhall we thy Children mourn
Our Abſence from thy Face?

II.

Let Heav'n ſucceed our painful Years;
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe;
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increaſe.

III.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants ſhow;
Make thy own Work complete;
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love is Great.

IV.

Then ſhall we ſhine before thy Throne
In all thy Beauty, LORD;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM XC. *ver.* 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

I.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame?
Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name!

II.

Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body firſt!
And ev'ry Month, and ev'ry Day,
'Tis mouldring back to Duſt.

III.

Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay:
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

IV.

Well, if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in ſight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's Way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.

V.

They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſtuous Sea:
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1—7. The Firſt Part.

Safety in public Diſeaſes and Dangers.

I.

HE that hath made his Refuge GOD,
Shall find a moſt ſecure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night ſhall reſt his Head.

II.

Then will I ſay, "My GOD, thy Pow'r
"Shall be my Fortreſs and my Tow'r:
"I, that am form'd of feeble Duſt,
"Make thine Almighty Arm my Truſt."

III.

Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare;
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thouſand Ways.

IV.

Juſt as a Hen protects her Brood,
From Birds of Prey that ſeek their Blood,

Under her Fathers; so the LORD
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

V.

If burning Beams of Noon conspire
To dart a pestilential Fire,
GOD is their Life, his Wings are spread,
To shield them with an healthful Shade.

VI.

If Vapours with malignant Breath
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight-Death,
Isr'el is safe: The poison'd Air
Grows pure, if Isr'el's GOD be there.

PAUSE.

VII.

What tho' a Thousand at thy Side,
At thy right Hand Ten thousand dy'd,
Thy GOD his chosen People saves
Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

VIII.

So when he sent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their Sons, his careful Eye
Past all the Doors of Jacob by.

IX.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commission from the LORD
To strike his Saints among the rest,
Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.

X.

The Sword, the Pestilence, or Fire,
Shall but fulfil their best Desire;
From Sins and Sorrows set them free:
And bring thy Children, LORD, to thee.

See the *Notes* on the xlist Psalm.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. The Second Part.

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

I.

YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,
Come, make the LORD your Dwelling-place,
And try and truſt his Care.

II.

No Ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raiſe his Saints on high.

III.

He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all your Ways;
To watch your Pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy Days.

IV.

Their Hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall,
And daſh againſt the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And ſent t' attend his Sons?

V.

Adders and Lions ye ſhall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
Puts him beneath your Feet.

VI.

"Becauſe on me they ſet their Love,
"I'll ſave them, ſaith the LORD;
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above
"Deſtruction and the Sword.

VII.

" My Grace shall answer when they call;
" In Trouble I'll be nigh:
" My Pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.

VIII.

" Those that on Earth my Name have known,
" I'll honour them in Heav'n;
" There my Salvation shall be shown,
" And endless Life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. The First Part.

A Psalm for the LORD's-*Day.*

I.

SWEET is the Work, my GOD, my King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing,
To shew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

II.

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast;
O may my Heart in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!

III.

My Heart shall triumph in my LORD,
And bless his Works, and bless his Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

IV.

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
Blasts them in everlasting Death.

V.

But I shall share a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,

And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed,
Like holy Oil, to chear my Head.

VI.

Sin, my worst Enemy before,
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:
My inward Foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my Peace again.

VII.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry Pow'r find sweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

Stanza VI. Rejoicing in the Destruction of our personal Enemies, is not so evangelical a Practice, therefore I have given the 11th verse of this Psalm another Turn: See the Notes on the third Psalm.

PSALM XCII. *ver.* 12, &c. The Second Part.

The Church is the Garden of GOD.

I.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand
In Gardens planted by thy Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be seen,
Like a young Cedar fresh and green.

II.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Blest with thine Influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its Trees
Yields such a comely Sight as these.

III.

The Plants of Grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all Things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

IV.

Laden with Fruits of Age, they shew
The LORD is holy, just and true;

None that attend his Gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. First Metre, as the 100th Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign GOD.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might:
The World, created by his Hands,
Still on its first Foundation stands.

II.

But ere this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundation laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

III.

Like Floods the angry Nations rise,
And aim their Rage against the Skies;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high!
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

IV.

For ever shall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre, as the old 50th Psalm.

I.

THE LORD of Glory reigns, he reigns on high:
His Robes of State are Strength and Majesty:
This wide Creation rose at his Command.
Built by his Word, and 'stablish'd by his Hand:
Long stood his Throne ere he began Creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.

II.

God is th' eternal King. Thy Foes in vain
Raise their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:

In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods arise,
And rore, and toss their Waves against the Skies:
Foming at Heav'n they rage with wild Commotion,
But Heav'ns high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.

III.

Ye Tempests, rage no more; ye Floods, be still;
And the mad World submissive to his Will:
Built on his Truth his Church must ever stand;
Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand:
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his Footstool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre, as the old 122d Psalm.

I.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with sov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

II.

Upheld by thy Commands
The World securely stands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, LORD.

III.

In vain the noisy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rage and rore:
In vain, with angry Spite,
The surly Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

IV.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage:
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky,
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down;
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

V.

Thy Promises are true,
Thy Grace is ever new:
There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove;
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting Love.

Here let the fourth Stanza be repeated to fulfil the Tune.

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. The First Part.

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed; or *Instructive Afflictions.*

I.

O GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign Pow'r redress our Wrongs,
Let Justice smite the Proud.

II.

They say, "The LORD nor sees nor hears;"
When will the Fools be wise!
Can he be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?

III.

He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his Pow'r;
His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain,
In some surprising Hour.

IV.

But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book,
Shall make them know their God.

V.

Blest is the Man thy Hands chastise,
And to his Duty draw:
Thy Scourges make thy Children wise
When they forget thy Law.

VI.

But God will ne'er cast off his Saints,
Nor his own Promise break;
He pardons his Inheritance
For their Redeemer's Sake.

Psalm XCIV. 16—23. The Second Part.

God *our Support and Comfort*; or *Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.*

I.

WHO will arise and plead my Right
Against my num'rous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppose?

II.

Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul amongst the Dead.

III.

"Alas! my sliding Feet!" I cry'd;
Thy Promise was my Prop:
Thy Grace stood constant by my Side;
Thy Spirit bore me up.

IV.

While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Bosom roll;
Thy boundless Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts chear my Soul.

V.

Pow'rs of Iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But GOD my Refuge rules the Skies,
He will defend my Cause.

VI.

Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blasphemers scoff;
The LORD our GOD shall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

I.

SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

II.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing;
The LORD's a GOD of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know
How mean their Natures seem;
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

IV.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

V.

Come, and with humble Souls adore;
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!

VI.

Now is the Time he bends his Ear,
And waits for your Requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his Wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my Reſt."

Stanza iii. *Angels* and *Magiſtrates* are thoſe אלהים *Elohim* or Gods, above which the true GOD is ſo often exalted in this Book of Pſalms.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Pſalm before Sermon.

I.

COME, ſound his Praiſe abroad,
And Hymns of Glory ſing:
JEHOVAH is the ſov'reign GOD,
The univerſal King.

II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid Ground.

III.

Come, worſhip at his Throne;
Come, bow before the LORD;
We are his Works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his Word.

IV.

To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

V.

But if your Ears refuse
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving Race;

VI.

The LORD in Vengeance dreſt
Will lift his Hand, and swear,
"You that despise my promis'd Rest,
"Shall have no Portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.

Canaan lost through Unbelief; or *a Warning to delaying Sinners.*

I.

COME, let our Voices join to raise
A sacred Song of solemn Praise:
GOD is a sov'reign King; rehearse
His Honour in exalted Verse.

II.

Come, let our Souls address the LORD,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word;
He is our Shepherd; we the Sheep
His Mercy chose, his Pastures keep.

III.

Come, let us hear his Voice to-day,
The Counsels of his Love obey;
Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that Isr'el knew.

IV.

Isr'el, that saw his Works of Grace,
Tempted their Maker to his Face;
A faithless unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their GOD.

V.

Thus saith the LORD, "How false they prove!
"Forget my Pow'r; abuse my Love;
"Since they despise my Rest, I swear,
"Their Feet shall never enter there."

VI.

[Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view those ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to-day,
Nor lose the Blessing by Delay.

VII.

Seize the kind Promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly Gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

In the iiid and ivth Chapter to the *Hebrews* several Verses of this Psalm are cited, and given for a Caution to Christians: I have applied them the same Way in the two last Stanzas.

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *first and second Coming.*

I.

SING to the LORD, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue;
His new-discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

II.

Say to the Nations, JESUS reigns,
GOD's own Almighty Son;
His Pow'r the sinking World sustains,
And Grace surrounds his Throne.

III. Let

III.

Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy thro' the Earth be seen;
Let Cities shine in bright Array,
And Fields in chearful Green.

IV.

Let an unusual Joy surprise
The Islands of the Sea:
Ye Mountains sink, ye Valleys rise,
Prepare the LORD his Way.

V.

Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The Nations as their GOD;
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And send his Truth abroad.

VI.

But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

In this and the two following Psalms, the first Coming of CHRIST into the World, is represented in a prophetic Style, as though he were coming the second Time to the Last Judgment: But that CHRIST's Incarnation, his setting up his Gospel Kingdom to judge or rule the Gentiles, and the Judgment and Destruction of the heathen Idols, is the true Design of these three Psalms, is evident from several Expressions in them; and particularly because *the Earth, the Fields, the Sea*, &c. *are called to rejoice*; whereas the final Judgment of the World is represented dreadful to all Nature, and to the Nations of the Earth. See *Rev.* xvii. and *Rev.* xx. 11. and 2 *Pet.* iii. 7, 10. Yet since this *last* Coming has something in it parallel to his *first*, I have in the different Parts of the Psalms referred to both.

Stanza IV. *Mountains sinking*, and *Vallies rising*; that is, Pride humbled, and the Humble raised, are the Preparations of CHRIST's Kingdom, *Luke* iii. 4, 5.

PSALM XCVI. As the 113th Psalm.

The GOD *of the Gentiles.*

I.

LET all the Earth their Voices raise
To sing the choicest Psalms of Praise,
To sing and bless JEHOVAH's Name:
His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations show,
And all his saving Works proclaim.

II.

The Heathens know thy Glory, LORD:
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word;
In Britain is JEHOVAH known:
Our Worship shall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our GOD alone.

III.

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the shining Worlds on high,
And reigns complete in Glory there;
His Beams are Majesty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!

IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth shall feel his saving Pow'r,
And barb'rous Nations fear his Name:
Then shall the Race of Man confess
The Beauty of his Holiness,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. *ver.* 1—5. The First Part.

CHRIST *reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.*

I.

HE reigns; the LORD, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic Strains;
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

II.

Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne;
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

III.

In Robes of Judgment, lo, He comes!
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

IV.

His Enemies, with sore Dismay,
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day:
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

Though the Kingdom of CHRIST, in the two first Stanzas, be Matter of Joy to all Nations, yet his coming to Judgment in the two last, is Joy only to the Saints. As this Psalm introduces Zion and Judah rejoicing, ver. 8. so CHRIST bids his Apostles *lift up their Heads*, &c. *Luke* xxi. 28.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. The Second Part.

CHRIST's *Incarnation.*

I.

THE LORD is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth: the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of Eastern Stages to their GOD.

II.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go worſhip where the Saviour lies:
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below.

III.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound;
But Judah ſhout, but Zion ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

This Pſalm foretels the *Incarnation of* CHRIST. For the Words of the 7th Verſe, *worſhip him all ye Gods*, are tranſlated *Heb.* i. 6. *Let all the Angels of* GOD *worſhip him.* By this divine Hint I was directed to compoſe this Hymn, and to introduce the *Star* that ſhone at his Birth, as a Part of the Proclamation of him in the Heavens, ver. 6. See more, *Notes on* Pſalm xcv. *Common Metre.*

PSALM XCVII. The Third Part.

Grace and Glory.

I.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Tho' Clouds and Darkneſs vail his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-ſeat.

II.

O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

III.

Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious Seeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright Harveſt bleſs our Eyes.

IV.

Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The ſacred Honours of the LORD;

None but the Soul that feels his Grace,
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11.
Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Incarnation, and the laſt Judgment.*

I.

YE Iſlands of the Northern Sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His Word, like Fire, prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

II.

His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Valleys riſe:
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles;
The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall He come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

V.

His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire;
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World on Fire.

VI.

The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

See the Notes on Pſalm xcvi.

PSALM XCVIII. The First Part.

Praise for the Gospel.

I.

TO our Almighty Maker, GOD,
New Honours be addrest;
His great Salvation shines abroad,
And makes the Nations blest.

II.

He spake the Word to Abr'am first;
His Truth fulfils the Grace;
The Gentiles make his Name their Trust,
And learn his Righteousness.

III.

Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her diff'rent Tongues;
And spread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

In these two Hymns which I have formed out of the xcviiith Psalm, I have fully expressed what I esteem to be the first and chief sense of the Holy Scriptures, both in this and the xcvith Psalm, whose Conclusions are both alike.

PSALM XCVIII. The Second Part.

The MESSIAH's *Coming and Kingdom.*

I.

JOY to the World; the LORD is come!
Let Earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature sing.

II.

Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let Men their Songs employ;
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and [Plains,
Repeat the sounding Joy.

III.

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infest the Ground;

He comes to make his Blessings flow,
Far as the Curse is found.

IV.

He rules the World with Truth and Grace;
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteousness,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX. The First Part.

CHRIST's *Kingdom and Majesty.*

I.

THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

II.

JESUS the Saviour reigns;
Let Earth adore its LORD;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

III.

In Zion is his Throne;
His Honours are divine;
His Church shall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories shine.

IV.

How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praise!
Justice and Truth and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

As the three foregoing Psalms refer to the Incarnation of CHRIST, and the setting up his Kingdom among the Gentiles, because the *Nations* are required to rejoice in all of them; so this Psalm seems chiefly to pay Honour and Reverence to GOD, as the GOD of the Jews, GOD dwelling in the Ark between the Cherubim; for *the People*, or Gentiles, are bid to *tremble*: Yet I have ventured to transfer the Scene a little down to Christian Times and Churches, and I hope without Offence.

PSALM XCIX. The Second Part.
A holy GOD worshipped with Reverence.

I.

EXALT the LORD our GOD,
And worship at his Feet:
His Nature is all Holiness,
And Mercy is his Seat.

II.

When Isr'el was his Church,
When Aaron was his Priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his People Rest.

III.

Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would destroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.

IV.

Exalt the LORD our GOD,
Whose Grace is still the same;
Still he's a GOD of Holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain Translation.
Praise to our Creator.

I.

YE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
Before the LORD, your sov'reign King:
Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,
With all your Tongues his Glory sing.

II.

The LORD is GOD: 'Tis He alone
Doth Life, and Breath, and Being give:
We are his Work, and not our own;
The Sheep that on his Pastures live.

III.

Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praiſes to his Courts repair;
And make it your divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

IV.

The LORD is good, the LORD is kind;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy ſure:
And the whole Race of Man ſhall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A Paraphraſe.

I.

SING to the LORD with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The Britiſh Iſles ſhall ſend the Noiſe
Acroſs the Ocean to the Shore.

II.

Nations attend before his Throne
With ſolemn Fear, with ſacred Joy:
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and He deſtroy.

III.

His ſov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when, like wandring Sheep, we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame:
What laſting Honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name!

V.

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs;
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raiſe;

And Earth with her Ten thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

VI.

Wide as the World is thy Command!
Vast as Eternity thy Love!
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

I.

MERCY and Judgment are my Song;
And since they both to Thee belong,
My gracious GOD, my righteous King!
To Thee my Songs and Vows I'll bring.

II.

If I am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counsels from thy Word;
Thy Justice and thy heav'nly Grace,
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.

III.

Let Wisdom all my Actions guide,
And let my GOD with me reside;
No wicked Thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealousy.

IV.

No Sons of Slander, Rage and Strife,
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride,
Within my Doors shall ne'er abide.

V.

[I'll search the Land, and raise the Just
To Posts of Honour, Wealth and Trust:
The Men that work thy holy Will,
Shall be my Friends and Fav'rites still.]

VI.

In vain shall Sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies:
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offender shan't be spar'd.

VII.

The impious Crew, that factious Band,
Shall hide their Heads, or quit the Land:
And all that break the public Rest,
Where I have Pow'r, shall be suppress.

The first *Stanza* represents the *Mercy* and *Judgment* which the Psalmist sings, as the due Qualities of good Government, which is the proper Sense of them in this Psalm; and according to the double Character of David in this Psalm, I have applied the first Metre to Magistrates, the second to Housholders.

The fifth *Stanza* can be sung only by the Superior Rank of Magistrates, and not the Inferior.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

I.

OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my GOD my Vows;
Thy Grace and Justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my House.

II.

Now to my Tent, O GOD, repair,
And make thy Servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine Eyes.

III.

The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong,
By Falshood or by Force,
The scornful Eye, the sland'rous Tongue,
I'll thrust them from my Doors.

IV.

I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,
And will their Help enjoy;

These are the Friends that I shall trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

V.

The Wretch that deals in sly Deceit
I'll not endure a Night!
The Liar's Tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my Sight.

VI.

I'll purge my Family around,
And make the Wicked flee;
So shall my House be ever found
A Dwelling fit for Thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. The First Part.

A Prayer of the Afflicted.

I.

HEAR me, O GOD; nor hide thy Face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?

II.

My Days are wasted like the Smoke
Dissolving in the Air:
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And sinking in Despair.

III.

My Spirits flag, like with'ring Grass
Burnt with excessive Heat:
In secret Grones my Minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

IV.

As on some lonely Building's Top
The Sparrow tells her Moan,
Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

V.

My Soul is like a Wilderneſs
Where Beaſts of Midnight howl;
There the ſad Raven finds her Place,
And there the ſcreaming Owl.

VI.

Dark diſmal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubled Breaſt;
While ſharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Reſt.

VII.

My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
And Tears are my Repaſt;
My daily Bread like Aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my Taſte.

VIII.

Senſe can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown;
LORD, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high;
Thy Hand hath caſt me down.

IX.

My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Ev'ning Shadows are
That vaniſh into Night.

X.

But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal GOD!
Ages to come ſhall know thy Name,
And ſpread thy Works abroad.

XI.

Thou wilt ariſe, and ſhew thy Face,
Nor will my LORD delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long-expected Day.

XII.

He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by myſterious Ways
Redeems the Pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praiſe.

Psalm CII. 13—21. The Second Part.

Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.

I.

LET Zion and her Sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd Hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.

II.

Her Duſt and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes;
Thoſe Ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that Duſt ſhall riſe.

III.

The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in Glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

IV.

He ſits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes:
He hears the dying Pris'ners grone,
And ſees their Sighs ariſe.

V.

He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death;
And when his Saints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid. "That praying Breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

VI.

This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the LORD.

PSALM CII. 23—28. The Third Part.

Man's Mortality, and CHRIST's *Eternity*; or *Saints die, but* CHRIST *and the Church live.*

I.

IT is the LORD our SAVIOUR's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race;
Disease and Death at his Command
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.

II.

Spare us, O LORD, aloud we pray;
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon;
Thy Years are one eternal Day;
And must thy Children die so soon!

III.

Yet in the Midst of Death and Grief,
This Thought our Sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"CHRIST is the same thro' ev'ry Age."

IV.

'Twas he this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand:
This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his Command.

V.

The starry Curtains of the Sky,
Like Garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy Throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever must abide.

VI.

Before thy Face thy Church shall live;
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World shall they survive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

Several Verses at the End of this Psalm, are directly expounded concerning CHRIST, *Heb.* i. which inclined me to form a distinct Hymn on these Verses, applied to the same Subject.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. The First Part. Long Metre.

Blessing GOD *for his Goodness to Soul and Body.*

I.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living GOD;
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Powers within me join
In Work and Worship so divine.

II.

Bless, O my Soul, the GOD of Grace;
His Favours claim the highest Praise:
Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in Silence and forgot?

III.

'Tis He, my Soul, that sent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

IV.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels;
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Life from threat'ning Graves.

V.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years;

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with Heav'nly Food.

VI.

He sees th' Oppressor and th' Oppress,
And often gives the Suff'rers Rest;
But will his Justice more display
In the last great Rewarding-Day.

VII.

[His Pow'r he shew'd by Moses' Hands,
And gave to Isr'el his Commands;
But sent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

VIII.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In Work and Worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. 8—18. The Second Part. Long Metre.

GOD's *gentle Chāstisement*; or *His tender Mercy to his People.*

I.

THE LORD, how wondrous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! How large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.

II.

Not half so high his Pow'r hath spread
The starry Heav'ns above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praise,
Exceeds the highest Hopes we raise.

III.

Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
The rising Morning from the West,

As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of thoſe he loves.

IV.

How ſlowly doth his Wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter Wings Salvation flies:
And if he lets his Anger burn,
How ſoon his Frowns to Pity turn!

V.

Amidſt his Wrath Compaſſion ſhines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins:
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

VI.

So Fathers their young Sons chaſtiſe,
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes;
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

VII.

The mighty God, the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Duſt;
And will no heavy Loads impoſe,
Beyond the Strength that he beſtows.

VIII.

He knows how ſoon our Nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry Wind that flies;
Like Graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
Or Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.

IX.

But his eternal Love is ſure
To all the Saints, and ſhall endure;
From Age to Age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. The First Part.
Short Metre.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

I.

O Bless the LORD, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
Whose Favours are divine.

II.

O bless the LORD, my Soul!
Nor let his Mercies lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulness,
And without Praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pain;
'Tis he that heals thy Sicknesses,
And makes thee Young again.

IV.

He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ransom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
Hath sov'reign Pow'r to save.

V.

He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Suff'rers Rest;
The LORD hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Justice for th' Oppress.

VI.

His wondrous Works and Ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the World his Truth and Grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. The Second Part.
Short Metre.

Abounding Compaſſion of GOD; or *Mercy in the midſt of Judgment.*

I.

MY Soul repeat his Praiſe
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great:
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

II.

GOD will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

III.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Pow'r ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love,
Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

The Pity of the LORD
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger, like a riſing Wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to Death.

VII.

Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning-Flow'r;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

VIII.

But thy Compaſſions, LORD,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find,
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. The Third Part.
Short Metre.

GOD's *univerſal Dominion*; or *Angels praiſe the* LORD.

I.

THE LORD, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

II.

Ye Angels, great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the LORD, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright Hoſts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

IV.

While all his wondrous Works
Thro' his vaſt Kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt ſing his Graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of GOD *in Creation and Providence.*

I.

MY Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

Note, This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every *Stanza*, namely,

Great is the Lord; What Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

II.

The Heav'ns are for his Curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed:
Clouds are his Chariot, when he flies
On winged Storms across the Skies.

III.

Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,
His Ministers, are flaming Fires;
And swift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

IV.

The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Lest it should drown the Earth again.

V.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

VI.

The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;

Yet thence convey'd by ſecret Veins,
They ſpring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

VII.

He bids the cryſtal Fountains flow,
And chear the Valleys as they go;
Tame Heifers there their Thirſt allay,
And for the Stream wild Aſſes bray.

VIII.

From pleaſant Trees which ſhade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet 'light to drink;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raiſe,
And chide our Silence in his Praiſe.

PAUSE I.

IX.

GOD from his cloudy Ciſterns pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thouſand joyful Bleſſings yield.

X.

He makes the graſſy Food ariſe,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man, of various Pow'r,
To nouriſh Nature, or to cure.

XI.

What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a ſhining juice;
Our Hearts are chear'd with gen'rous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces ſhine.

XII.

O bleſs his Name, ye Britons, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread;
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PAUSE II.

XIII.

Behold the ſtately Cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the Foreſt by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Neſts ſecure on high.

XIV.

To craggy Hills aſcends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell;
He gives them Wiſdom where to dwell.

XV.

He ſets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to Change her Face;
And when thick Darkneſs veils the Day,
Calls out wild Beaſts to hunt their Prey.

XVI.

Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roring aſk their Meat from GOD;
But when the Morning-Beams ariſe,
The ſavage Beaſt to Covert flies.

XVII.

Then Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repoſe:
Sleep is thy Gift, that ſweet Relief
From tireſome Toil and waſting Grief.

XVIII.

How ſtrange thy Works! how great thy Skill!
And ev'ry Land thy Riches fill;
Thy Wiſdom round the World we ſee,
This ſpacious Earth is full of Thee.

XIX.

Nor leſs thy Glories in the Deep,
Where fiſh in Millions ſwim and creep

With

With wond'rous Motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the Paths below.

XX.

There Ships divide their wat'ry Way,
And Flocks of scaly Monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And fomes and sports in spite of Man.

PAUSE III.

XXI.

Vast are thy Works, Almighty LORD!
All Nature rests upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures stand,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hand.

XXII.

While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their chearful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent Forms.

XXIII.

But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their Dust return;
Both Man and Beast their Souls resign;
Life, Breath and Spirit, all are thine.

XXIV.

Yet thou canst breathe on Dust again,
And fill the World with Beasts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

XXV.

His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The LORD is dreadful in his Praise.

XXVI.

The Earth ſtands trembling at thy Stroke;
And at thy Touch the Mountains ſmoke:
Yet humble Souls may ſee thy Face,
And tell their Wants to ſov'reign Grace.

XXVII.

In Thee my Hopes and Wiſhes meet,
And make my Meditations ſweet;
Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expires in endleſs Joy.

XXVIII.

While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt;
I to my GOD, my heav'nly King,
Immortal Hallelujahs ſing.

Several Lines in this Pſalm I have borrowed of Sir John Denham; if I have made the Connection more evident, and the Senſe more eaſy and uſeful to an ordinary Reader, I have attained my End; and leave others to judge whether I have diſhonoured his Verſe, or improved it.

Stanza v. Though I am perſuaded the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks here of the *firſt Formation of the Sea and Mountains*, when the Waters of the *Chaos* were ſeparated from the Earth, yet the People more eaſily underſtand it of Noah's Flood, and therefore I have indulged ſuch a Paraphraſe as is capable of both Senſes.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

GOD's *Conduct of Iſrael, and the Plagues of Egypt.*

I.

GIVE Thanks to GOD, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound thro' the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may ſeek his Face.

II.

His Cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous Ages paſt,

To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force ſhall laſt.

III.

He ſware to Abra'am and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſing ſure;
Gentiles the ancient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.

IV.

" Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
" And Canaan's Land ſhall be their Reſt,
" The Type of heav'nly Joys."

V.

How large the Grant! how rich the Grace!
To give them Canaan's Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!

VI.

Like Pilgrims thro' the Countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty Kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

VII.

" Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
" Shall ſoon revenge the Wrong;
" The Man that does my Prophets Harm,
" Shall know their God is ſtrong.

VIII.

" Then let the World forbear its Rage,
" Nor put the Church in Fear:
" Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry Age,
" And be th' Almighty's Care."

PAUSE I.

IX.

When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the Saints,
And thus provok'd their GOD,
Moſes was ſent at their Complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.

X.

He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming Flood;
He turn'd each Lake and ev'ry Stream
To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

XI.

He gave the Sign, and noiſome Flies
Thro' the whole Country ſpread;
And Frogs in croaking Armies riſe
About the Monarch's Bed.

XII.

Thro' Fields, and Towns, and Palaces,
The tenfold Vengeance flew;
Locuſts in Swarms devour'd their Trees,
And Hail their Cattle ſlew.

XIII.

Then by an Angel's Midnight Stroke
The Flow'r of Egypt dy'd;
The Strength of every Houſe was broke,
Their Glory and their Pride.

XIV.

"Now let the World forbear its Rage,
"Nor put the Church in Fear;
"Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry Age,
"And be th' Almighty's Care."

PAUSE II.

XV.

Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground;
Each some Egyptian Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

XVI.

The LORD himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journies right;
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

XVII.

They thirst; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow,
And following still the Course they took,
Ran all the Desert thro'.

XVIII.

O wond'rous Stream! O blessed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So CHRIST our Rock maintains our Life
Thro' all this Wilderness.

XIX.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The chosen Tribes possest
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Rest.

XX.

"Then let the World forbear its Rage,
"The Church renounce her Fear;
"Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry Age,
"And be th' Almighty's Care."

PSALM CVI. 1—5. The First Part.

Praise to GOD; or *Communion with Saints.*

I.

TO GOD the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let Songs of Honour be addrest;
His Mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

II.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless Praise?
Blest are the Souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

III.

Remember what thy Mercy did
For Jacob's Race, thy chosen Seed;
And with the same Salvation bless
The meanest Suppliant of thy Grace.

IV.

O may I see thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, LORD, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVI. *ver.* 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. The Second Part.

Israel punished and pardoned; or GOD's *unchangeable Love.*

I.

GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
And yet how oft did Isr'el prove
Thy Constancy of Grace!

II.

They saw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praise they sung;
But soon thy Works of Pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

III.

Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Lusts provoke the LORD,
And he reduc'd them low.

IV.

Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Grones;
Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them still his Sons.

V.

Their Names were in his Book,
He sav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The People that he chose.

VI.

Let Isr'el bless the LORD,
Who lov'd their ancient Race;
And Christians join the solemn Word
Amen, to all their Praise.

The chief Design of this whole Psalm I have expressed in the Title, and abridged it in this Form, having enlarged much more on this same subject in the 77th, 78th, and 105th Psalms.

Though the Jews now seem to be cast off, yet the Apostle Paul assures us, that GOD *hath not cast away his People whom he foreknew*, Rom. xi. 2. Their Unbelief and Absence from GOD is but for a Season, for they shall be recalled again; *ver.* 25, 26.

PSALM CVII. The First Part.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

I.

GIVE Thanks to GOD; He reigns above:
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;
His Mercy Ages past have known,
And Ages long to come shall own.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the LORD
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Isr'el, the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

III.

[When GOD's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters and th' Egyptian Yoke,
They trac'd the Desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary Ground!

IV.

There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;
Nor Food, nor Fountain to assuage
Their burning Thirst, or Hunger's Rage.]

V.

In their Distress to GOD they cry'd;
GOD was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right Path to Canaan's Ground.

VI.

Thus when our first Release we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and Satan's Chain,
We have this desert World to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

VII.

He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footſteps leſt we ſtray;
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

VIII.

O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodneſs of the LORD!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. The Second Part.

Correction for Sin, and Releaſe by Prayer.

I.

FROM Age to Age exalt his Name,
GOD and his Grace are ſtill the ſame;
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
And feeds the Poor with ev'ry Good.

II.

But if their Hearts rebel, and riſe
Againſt the GOD that rules the Skies;
If they reject his heav'nly Word,
And ſlight the Counſels of the LORD;

III.

He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
And no Deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with Grief they waſte their Breath,
In Darkneſs and the Shades of Death.

IV.

Then to the LORD they raiſe their Cries;
He makes the dawning Light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal Shade
That hung ſo heavy round their Head.

V.

He cuts the Bars of Braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling Pris'ners thro';
Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the lab'ring Soul Relief.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodneſs of the LORD!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM CVII. The Third Part.

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned; or *a Pſalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

I.

VAIN Man, on fooliſh Pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own Puniſhment;
What Pains, what lotheſome Maladies
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe!

II.

The Drunkard feels his Vitals waſte;
Yet drowns his Health to pleaſe his Taſte,
Till all his active Pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting Life draws near the Duſt.

III.

The Glutton grones, and lothes to eat;
His Soul abhors delicious Meat;
Nature with heavy Loads oppreſt,
Would yield to Death to be releas'd,

IV.

Then how the frighted Sinners fly
To GOD for Help with earneſt Cry!
He hears their Grones, prolongs their Breath,
And ſaves them from approaching Death.

V.

No Med'cine could effect the Cure
So quick, so eafy, or so fure:
The deadly Sentence GOD repeals,
He fends his fov'reign Word, and heals.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodneſs of the LORD!
And let their thankful Off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM CVII. The Fourth Part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or *The Seaman's Song.*

I.

WOULD you behold the Works of GOD,
His Wonders in the World abroad,
Go with the Mariners, and trace
Th' unknown Regions of the Seas.

II.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And ſeize the Favour of the Wind;
Till GOD command, and Tempeſts riſe,
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

III.

Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful Deeps again;
What ſtrange affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a ſtagg'ring Drunkard reel!

IV.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Loſt to all Hope, to GOD they cry:
His Mercy hears their loud Addreſs,
And ſends Salvation in Diſtreſs.

V.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage ;
The furious Waves forget their Rage ;
'Tis calm : and Sailors smile to see
The Haven where they wish'd to be.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodness of the LORD !
Let them their private Off'rings bring,
And in the Church his Glory sing.

PSALM CVII. The Fourth Part. Common Metre.

The Mariners Psalm.

I.

THY Works of Glory, mighty LORD,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,
The Sons of Courage shall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring Waves ;
The Men astonish'd mount the Skies,
And sink in gaping Graves.

III.

[Again they climb the wat'ry Hills,
And plunge in Deeps again ;
Each like a tott'ring Drunkard reels,
And finds his Courage vain.

IV.

Frighted to hear the Tempests rore,
They pant with flutt'ring Breath ;
And hopeless of the distant Shore,
Expect immediate Death.]

V.

Then to the LORD they raise their Cries,
He hears their loud Request,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to rest.

VI.

Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,
And see the Storm allay'd:
Now to their Eyes the Port appears:
There let their Vows be paid.

VII.

'Tis GOD that brings them safe to Land;
Let stupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

VIII.

O that the Sons of Men would praise
The Goodness of the LORD!
And those who see thy wondrous Ways,
Thy wondrous Love record.

PSALM CVII. The Last Part.

Colonies planted; or *Nations blest and punished.*

A PSALM for *New England.*

I.

WHEN GOD, provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madness of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And drives the Rivers from the Land.

II.

His Word can raise the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green,

Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies,
And Harvests in the Desert rise.

III.

[Where nothing dwelt but Beasts of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' Oppress and Poor repair,
And build them Towns and Cities there.

IV.

They sow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
Whose yearly Fruits supply their Want:
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth increases with their Flocks.

V.

Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A savage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barb'rous Hands:

VI.

Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Desolation spreads the Field.

VII.

Yet if the humble Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns;
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

VIII.

The Righteous, with a joyful Sense,
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that Saints adore.

IX.

How few with pious Care record
These wondrous Dealings of the LORD?
But wise Observers still shall find
The LORD is holy, just and kind.

If this Hymn be too long to sing at once, the two first and two last Stanzas of it may be sung together, and the five middle Stanzas by themselves, as another Hymn: For I could not find any other convenient Division of it.

The 108th Psalm is formed out of the 57th and 60th, therefore I have omitted it.

PSALM CIX. *ver.* 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of CHRIST.

I.

GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace
With a blaspheming Tongue.

II.

When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

III.

Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
Their Peace he still pursu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

IV.

Their Malice rag'd without a Cause;
Yet with his dying Breath
He pray'd for Murd'rers on his Cross,
And blest his Foes in Death.

V.

LORD, shall thy bright Example shine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul akin to thine,
To love mine Enemies.

VI.

The LORD shall on my Side engage,
And in my Saviour's Name
I shall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who slander and condemn.

That this Psalm foretels the Sufferings, the Patience, and Love of CHRIST to Enemies, is universally agreed; but the Curses on Judas and the Priests, &c. I have chosen to leave where they stand in the sacred Language of Prophecy.

PSALM CX. The First Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST *exalted, and Multitudes converted*; or *The Success of the Gospel.*

I.

THUS the eternal Father spake
To CHRIST the Son, "Ascend and sit
"At my right Hand, till I shall make
"Thy Foes submissive at thy Feet.

II.

"From Zion shall thy Word proceed,
"Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand,
"Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
"And bow their Wills to thy Command.

III.

"That Day shall shew thy Pow'r is great,
"When Saints shall flock with willing Minds,
"And Sinners crowd thy Temple-Gate,
"Where Holiness in Beauty shines."

IV.

O blessed Pow'r! O glorious Day!
What a large Victory shall ensue!

And Converts who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

Stanza iii, iv. It is generally supposed the 3d Verse of this Psalm describes the numerous Conversions that followed the Ascension of CHRIST. The *Beauty of Holiness* is but a Periphrasis for the *Temple*. That the whole Psalm is a Prophecy of CHRIST in his Kingdom and Priesthood, is abundantly evident from *Matt.* xxii. 44. *Heb.* vii. &c.

PSALM CX. The Second Part. Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of CHRIST.

I.

THUS the great LORD of Earth and Sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
" Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
" And change from Hand to Hand no more.

II.

" Aaron, and all his Sons must die;
" But everlasting Life is thine,
" To save for ever those that fly
" For Refuge from the Wrath divine.

III.

" By me Melchisedek was made
" On Earth a King and Priest at once;
" And Thou, my heav'nly Priest, shalt plead,
" And Thou, my King, shalt rule my Sons."

IV.

JESUS the Priest ascends his Throne,
While Counsels of eternal Peace
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Success.

V.

Thro' the whole Earth his Reign shall spread,
And crush the Pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then shall He judge the rising Dead,
And send the guilty World to Hell,

VI.

Tho' while he treads his glorious Way,
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Suff'rings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance him nearer to GOD.

The Prieſthood of CHRIST, after the Order of Melchiſedek, is particularly explained, *Heb.* vii. *ver.* 1, 3, 23—25. and is inſerted in the three firſt Stanzas.

Stanza IV. Zech. vi. 13. *He ſhall be a Prieſt upon his Throne, and the Counſel of Peace ſhall be between them both.*

The laſt Verſe of this Pſalm is explained by Interpreters in very contrary Senſes. Some make his *drinking of the Brook* to ſignify *mean Refreſhments in his Way*, and ſome expound it of his *taſting Sorrows and Sufferings*; the laſt is moſt evangelical and moſt beautiful, therefore I have choſen it.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Kingdom and Prieſthood.*

I.

JESUS, our LORD, aſcend thy Throne,
And near thy Father ſit:
In Zion ſhall thy Pow'r be known,
And make thy Foes ſubmit.

II.

What Wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy Converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy ſov'reign Grace.

III.

GOD hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

IV.

"Melchiſedek, that wondrous Prieſt,
"That King of high Degree,
"That holy Man who Abra'm bleſt,
"Was but a Type of Thee."

V.

JESUS our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above;
JESUS our Prieſt for ever gives
The Bleſſings of his Love.

VI.

GOD ſhall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain;
Shall ſtrike the Pow'rs and Princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his Reign.

PSALM CXI. The Firſt Part.

The Wiſdom of GOD *in his Works.*

I.

SONGS of immortal Praiſe belong
To my Almighty GOD;
He has my Heart and He my Tongue,
To ſpread his Name abroad.

II.

How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in ev'ry Age have ſought
His Wonders with Delight.

III.

How moſt exact is Nature's Frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His Counſels never change the Scheme
That his firſt Thoughts deſign'd.

IV.

When he redeem'd his choſen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant ſure:
The Orders that his Lips pronounce,
To endleſs Years endure.

V.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy Name?

VI.

To fear thy Pow'r, to truſt thy Grace,
Is our divineſt Skill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our Race
That beſt obeys thy Will.

Of this Pſalm I have choſen ſeveral Verſes, and formed into two diſtinct Hymns, keeping the firſt and the two laſt Verſes in both.

PSALM CXI. The Second Part.

The Perfections of GOD.

I.

GReat is the LORD; his Works of Might
Demand our nobleſt Songs:
Let his aſſembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

II.

Great is the Mercy of the LORD,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promiſe good.

III.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his Cov'nant ſure;
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name,
His Ways are juſt and pure.

IV.

They that would grow divinely wiſe,
Muſt with his Fear begin;
Our faireſt Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

PSALM CXII. as the 113th Psalm.

The Bleſſings of the liberal Man.

I.

THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in Awe
Of GOD, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd;
His Houſe the Seat of Wealth ſhall be,
An inexhauſted Treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

II.

His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous Pity fills his Mind:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all Mankind.

III.

His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd:
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt,
Like a green Root, revives and bears
A Train of Bleſſings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature ſleeps in Duſt.

IV.

Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
His Conſcience holds his Courage up:
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night,
And ſees in Darkneſs Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

V.

[Ill Tidings never can surprise
His Heart, that fix'd on GOD relies,
Tho' Waves and Tempests rore around:
Safe on the Rock he sits and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

VI.

The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croſt:
They and their Envy, Pride and Spite,
Sink down to everlasting Night,
And all their Names in Darkness lost.]

Many Lines of this *Metre*, and some of the next Psalm, *Proper Metre*, are borrowed from Mr Tate's Version.

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

I.

THRICE happy Man who fears the LORD,
Loves his Commands, and trusts his Word;
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Blessings to his Seed descend.

II.

Compassion dwells upon his Mind;
To Works of Mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the Poor some present Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

III.

When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,
For GOD with all his Pow'r is there.

IV.

His Soul well fix'd upon the LORD,
Draws heav'nly Courage from his Word;
Amidst the Darkness Light shall rise,
To chear his Heart and bless his Eyes.

V.

He hath dispers'd his Alms abroad;
His Works are still before his GOD:
His Name on Earth shall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

I.

HAPPY is he that fears the LORD,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with lib'ral Hands.

II.

As Pity dwells within his Breast
To all the Sons of Need;
So GOD shall answer his Request
With Blessings on his Seed.

III.

No evil Tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd Mind;
His Soul to GOD his Refuge flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

IV.

In Times of general Distress
Some Beams of Light shall shine,
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And give him Peace divine.

V.

His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the LORD;
Honour on Earth, and Joys above,
Shall be his sure Reward.

Many of the Blessings of Wealth, and Grandeur, and Temporal good Things, that were the Portion of a good Man and his Children under the Old Testament, I have here abridged agreeable to the New, which foretels rather *Temporal Afflictions*, and promises *Everlasting Rewards*.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of GOD.

I.

YE that delight to serve the LORD,
The Honours of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.

II.

Nor Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds,
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds;
The Heav'ns are far below his Height:
Let no created Greatness dare
With our eternal GOD compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

III.

He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His sov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

IV. When

IV.

When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name:
The Mother, with a thankful Voice,
Proclaims his Praiſes and her Joys:
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

GOD *Sovereign and Gracious.*

I.

YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry Age his Praiſes ſing;
Where'er the Sun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The Nations ſhall his Praiſe repeat.

II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky,
Stands his high Throne of Majeſty;
Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal Reign.

III.

Which of the Sons of Adam dare,
Or Angels, with their GOD compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light!

IV.

Behold his Love, he ſtoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

V.

From Duſt and Cottages obſcure
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

VI.

[A Word of his creating Voice
Can make the barren Houſe rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety Years were paſt,
The promis'd Seed is born at laſt.

VII.

With Joy the Mother views her Son,
And tells the Wonders GOD has done:
Faith may grow ſtrong when Senſe deſpairs;
If Nature fails, the Promiſe bears.]

Part of the 6th and 7th Stanzas are borrowed from *Geneſis* xvii. 17. and *Rom.* iv. 19, 20. *Shall Sarah that is ninety Years old bear? Abraham was ſtrong in Faith, &c.*

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Iſrael's Journey.

I.

WHEN Iſr'el, freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

II.

Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay:
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

III.

The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign Pow'r at hand.

IV.

What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

V.

Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire and know th' approaching GOD,
The King of Isr'el: See Him here!
Tremble, thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the LORD.

This Psalm appears to me an admirable Ode; but if I had introduced the *Presence of* GOD into the Camp of Israel removing from Egypt, as all my Predecessors have done, I had lost the divine Beauty of the Psalm: For had GOD appeared at first, there could be no Wonder why *the Mountains should leap*, and *the Sea retire*; therefore that this Convulsion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprise, the Sacred Poet conceals his Name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable Turn of Thought GOD is introduced at once in all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the Spirit of the inspired Author.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true GOD *our Refuge*; or *Idolatry reproved.*

I.

NOT to ourselves, who are but Dust,
Not to ourselves is Glory due,
Eternal GOD, thou'rt only Just,
Thou'rt only Gracious, Wise and True.

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why should a Heathen's haughty Tongue
Insult us, and to raise our Shame,
Say, "Where's the GOD you've serv'd so long?"

III.

The GOD we serve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies;

Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

IV.

But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At best a Mass of glitt'ring Ore,
A silver Saint, or golden God.

V.

[With Eyes and Ears, they carve their Head;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are costly Off'rings made,
And Vows are scatter'd in the Wind.

VI.

Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

VII.

O Isr'el, make the LORD thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest:
The LORD shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.

VIII.

The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;
But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre, as the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

I.

NOT to our Names, Thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless Names is Glory due:

Thy Power and Grace, thy Truth and Juſtice, claim
Immortal Honours to thy ſov'reign Name.
Shine thro' the Earth from Heav'n thy bleſt Abode,
Nor let the Heathens ſay; "And where's your GOD?"

II.

Heav'n is thy higher Court, there ſtands thy Throne,
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done:
Our GOD fram'd all this Earth, theſe Heav'ns he ſpread,
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made;
The kneeling Croud, with Looks devout, behold
Their Silver-Saviours and their Saints of Gold.

III.

[Vain are thoſe artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither ſees nor hears:
Their Hands are helpleſs, nor their Feet can move;
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Pow'r, nor Love;
Yet ſottiſh Mortals make their long Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveleſs Saints.

IV.

The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;
The poor content with Gods of coarſer Mold;
With Tools of Iron carve the ſenſeleſs Stock,
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and Prieſt drive on the ſolemn Trade,
And truſt the Gods that Saws and Hammers made.]

V.

Be Heav'n and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay
Which is more ſtupid, or their Gods or they.
O Iſr'el truſt the LORD; He hears and ſees,
He knows thy Sorrows, and reſtores thy Peace:
His Worſhip does a thouſand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thy heav'nly Shield.

VI.

O Britain, truſt the LORD: Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppoſe his Reign;
Had they prevail'd Darkneſs had clos'd our Days,
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let Songs ariſe,
And Britons bleſs the GOD that built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. The First Part.

Recovery from Sickness.

I.

I Love the LORD: He heard my Cries,
And pity'd ev'ry Grone;
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.

II.

I love the LORD: He bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray!

III.

My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead;
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

"My GOD, I cry'd, thy Servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave;
"Thy Pow'r is all my Trust."

V.

The LORD beheld me sore distrest;
He bid my Pains remove:
Return, my Soul, to GOD thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.

VI.

My GOD hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. The Second Part.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or *Public Thanks for private Deliverace.*

I.

WHAT shall I render to my GOD
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.

II.

Among the Saints that fill thine House
My Off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

III.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-blessed GOD!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

IV.

How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou hast made thy Care,
LORD, I devote to Thee.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my Purpose move;
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bands of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

VI.

Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD *from all Nations.*

I.

O All ye Nations, praise the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent Tongue;
In ev'ry Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be sung.

II.

His Mercy reigns thro' ev'ry Land;
Proclaim his Grace abroad;
For ever firm his Truth shall stand.
Praise ye the faithful GOD.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

I.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies
Let the Creator's Praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
Till Sun shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

I.

THY Name, Almighty LORD,
Shall sound thro' distant Lands:
Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word:
Thy Truth for ever stands.

II.

Far be thine Honour spread,
And long thy Praise endure,

Till Morning Light and Ev'ning Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *ver.* 6—15. The First Part.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

I.

THE LORD appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
Of what the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords me Aid.

II.

'Tis safer, LORD, to hope on Thee,
And have my GOD my Friend,
Than trust in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

III.

Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I shall all their Rage confound
By thine Almighty Arm.

IV.

'Tis thro' the LORD my Heart is strong;
In him my Lips rejoice!
While his Salvation is my Song,
How chearful is my Voice!

V.

Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When GOD appears they fly;
So burning Thorns with crackling Sound
Make a fierce Blaze and die.

VI.

Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The LORD protects their Days:

Let Isr'el tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *ver.* 17—21.
The Second Part.

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

I.

LORD, thou hast heard thy Servant cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If GOD resolve to save.)

II.

Thy Praise more constant than before
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from Death.

III.

Open the Gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The House where all the Righteous go,
Thy Mercy to declare.

IV.

Amongst th' Assemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raise;
There we have told Thee our Complaints,
And there we speak thy Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *ver.* 22, 23. The Third Part.
CHRIST *the Foundation of his Church.*

I.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone
Which GOD in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praise.

II.

Chosen of GOD, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name;

They trust their whole Salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer Shame.

III.

The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,
Reject it with Disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And Envy rage in vain.

IV.

What tho' the Gates of Hell withstood,
Yet must this Building rise:
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty GOD,
And wondrous in our Eyes.

These five Verses, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious Prophecy of CHRIST: I have explained them at large in the Language of the New Testament, in two distinct Hymns: 1 *Pet.* ii. 4, 6. *Behold, I lay in Zion a chief Corner-stone, Elect, Precious; and he that believeth on Him shall not be ashamed——disallowed of Men, but chosen of God, and precious.* Matt. xvi. 18. *Upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.* See the *Notes* on the following Hymns.

PSALM CXVIII. *ver.* 24, 25, 26.
The Fourth Part.

Hosanna; the LORD's-*Day*; or CHRIST's *Resurrection, and our Salvation.*

I.

THIS is the Day the LORD hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

II.

To day He rose and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

III.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!

Help us, O LORD; descend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

IV.

Blest be the LORD who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace;
Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
To save our sinful Race.

V.

Hosanna in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise;
The highest Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

See the *Notes* on the foregoing and following Hymns.

Stanza 1. This is the Day wherein CHRIST fulfilled his Sufferings, and rose from the Dead, and has honoured it with his own Name, *Rev.* i. 10. *The* LORD's *Day.*

Stanza iii. This Verse is explained, *Matt.* xxi. 9. *Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the* LORD: *Hosanna in the Highest.* The Word *Hosanna* signifies, *Save, we beseech.*

PSALM CXVIII. *ver.* 22—27. Short Metre.

An Hosanna for the LORD's-*Day*; or *a new Song of Salvation by* CHRIST.

I.

SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse;
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In Spite of envious Jews.

II.

The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

III.

The Work, O LORD, is thine,
And wondrous in our Eyes;

This Day declares it all Divine,
This Day did JESUS rise.

IV.

This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the Church be glad.

V.

Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal Blood;
Bless Him, ye Saints: He comes to bring
Salvation from your GOD.

VI.

We bless thine holy Word
Which all this Grace displays;
And offer on thine Altar, LORD,
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

Stanza VI. The 27th Verse must be explained Evangelically; the *Gospel* is our *Light*, our *Altar* is CHRIST, and our *Sacrifices* are *Prayer* and *Praise*: Heb. xiii. 10, 15.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

An Hosanna for the LORD's-*Day*; or *A new Song of Salvation by* CHRIST.

I.

LO! what a glorious Corner-Stone
The Jewish Builders did refuse;
But GOD, hath built his Church thereon,
In spite of Envy and the Jews.

II.

Great GOD, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that saw our Saviour rise.

III.

Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his Name be bleſt;
A thouſand Honours on his Head,
With Peace and Light and Glory reſt!

IV.

In GOD's own Name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race;
Let the whole Church addreſs their King
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praiſe.

Stanza iii. *Hosanna* ſignifies *ſave, we beſeech*, as *ver.* 25. And ſince the Hosanna is aſcribed to CHRIST in *Matt.* xxi. 9. it ſeems to mean properly, *An Acclamation to* CHRIST *as King*; as we ſay in our Language, GOD *ſave the King*; or GOD *bleſs the King*; though in the *Common Metre*, I have turned it as a ſhort Prayer for our own Salvation in the Senſe in which it is often underſtood.

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful Verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different Heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them. But the Verſes are much tranſpoſed to attain ſome degree of Connection.*

In ſome Places, among the Words Law, Commands, Judgments, Teſtimonies, *I have uſed* Goſpel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promiſes, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Teſtament, and the common Language of Chriſtians; and it equally anſwers the Deſign of the Pſalmiſt, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM CXIX. The Firſt Part.

The Bleſſedneſs of Saints, and Miſery of Sinners.

I. *verſes* 1, 2, 3.

BLEST are th' undefil'd in Heart,
Whoſe Ways are right and clean;

Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

II.

Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practise thy Commands:
With their whole Heart they seek the LORD,
And serve thee with their Hands.

III. *ver.* 165.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their steady Feet aside.

IV. *ver.* 6.

Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

V. *ver.* 21, 118.

But haughty Sinners GOD will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.

VI. *ver.* 119, 155.

Vile as the Dross the Wicked are:
And those that leave thy Ways
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

PSALM CXIX. The Second Part.

Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedness; or *Constant Converse with* GOD.

I. *ver.* 147, 55.

TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious GOD, I pray;

I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

II. *ver.* 81.

My Spirit faints to see thy Grace;
Thy Promise bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word supports my Hope.

III. *ver.* 164.

Seven Times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praise from me.

IV. *ver.* 62.

When Midnight-Darkness veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,
And sweet Acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. The Third Part.

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

I. *ver.* 57, 60.

THOU art my Portion, O my GOD;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

II. *ver.* 30, 14.

I choose the Path of heav'nly Truth,
And glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

III.

The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes;

Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

IV. *ver.* 59.

If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways;
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pard'ning Grace.

V. *ver.* 94, 114.

Now I am thine, for ever thine;
O save thy Servant, LORD;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place;
My Hope is in thy Word.

VI. *ver.* 112.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal Life shall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. The Fourth Part.

Instruction from Scripture.

I. *ver.* 9.

HOW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts
To keep the Conscience clean.

II. *ver.* 130.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to GOD.

III. *ver.* 105.

'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;

And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

IV. *ver.* 99, 100.

The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

V. *ver.* 104, 113.

Thy Precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the Sinner's Road:
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise,
But love thy Law, my GOD.

VI. *ver.* 89, 90, 91.

[The starry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place:
And these thy Servants, Night and Day,
Thy Skill and Pow'r express.

VII.

But still thy Law and Gospel, LORD,
Have Lessons more divine:
Nor Earth stands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars so nobly shine.]

VIII. *ver.* 160, 140, 9, 116.

Thy Word is everlasting Truth,
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book shall guide our Youth,
And well support our Age.

PSALM CXIX. The Fifth Part.

Delight in Scripture; or *the Word of* GOD *dwelling in us.*

I. *ver.* 97.

O How I love thy holy Law!
'Tis daily my Delight:
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

II. *ver.* 148.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day,
To meditate thy Word:
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, LORD.

III. *ver.* 3, 13, 54.

How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tiresom Pilgrimage,
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

IV. *ver.* 19, 103.

Am I a Stranger, or at Home:
'Tis my perpetual Feast;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taste.

V. *ver.* 72, 127.

No Treasures so enrich the Mind;
Nor shall thy Word be sold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

VI. *ver.* 28, 49, 175.

When Nature sinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promises of Grace
Are Pillars to support my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

PSALM CXIX. The Sixth Part.

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

I. *ver.* 128.

LORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Lust.

II. *ver.* 97, 9.

Thy Precepts often I survey:
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Business of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

III. *ver.* 62.

My Heart in midnight Silence cries,
"How sweet thy Comforts be!"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

IV. *ver.* 162.

And when my Spirit drinks her fill
At some good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that share the Spoil,
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. The Seventh Part.

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

I. *ver.* 96. paraphras'd.

LET all the Heathen Writers join
To form one perfect Book,
Great GOD, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look!

II.

Not the most perfect Rules they gave
Could shew one Sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave;
But thine conduct to Heav'n.

III.

I've seen an End to what we call
Perfection here below:
How short the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.

IV.

Yet Men would fain be juſt with GOD
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

V.

In vain we boaſt Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And ſinks our Virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the Name.

VI.

Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the LORD.

PSALM CXIX. The Eighth Part.

The Word of GOD *is the Saint's Portion*; or *The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

I. *ver.* 111. paraphras'd.

LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My laſting Heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt Thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the Hiſt'ries of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in ſight,
While thro' the Promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh Delight.

III.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal Bliſs are ſown,
And hidden Glory lies.

IV.

The best Relief that Mourners have;
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

PSALM CXIX. The Ninth Part.

Desire of Knowledge; or *The Teachings of the Spirit with the Word.*

I. *ver.* 64, 68, 18.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O LORD;
How good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

II *ver.* 73, 125.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand;
My Service is thy due:
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.

III. *ver.* 19.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

IV. *ver.* 26.

When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

V. *ver.* 33, 34.

If GOD to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

VI. *ver.* 50, 71.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

VII. *ver.* 51.

[In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that bleſſed Goſpel go,
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

VIII. *ver.* 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways:
My thankful Lips, inſpir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.]

PSALM CXIX. The Tenth Part.

Pleading the Promiſes.

I. *ver.* 38, 49.

BEhold thy waiting Servant, LORD,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.

II. *ver.* 41, 58, 107.

Haſt thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?
Doth not my Heart addreſs thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.

III. *ver.* 133, 42.

Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

IV. *ver.* 49, 74.

Didſt Thou not raiſe my Faith, O LORD?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. The Eleventh Part.

Breathing after Holineſs.

I. *ver.* 5, 33.

O That the LORD would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my GOD would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will!

II. *ver.* 29.

O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

III. *ver.* 37, 36.

From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

IV. *ver.* 133.

Order my Footſteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart ſincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, LORD,
But keep my Conſcience clear.

V. *ver.* 176.

My Soul hath gone too far aſtray;
My Feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy Way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring Sheep.

VI. Make

IV. *ver.* 35.

Make me to walk in thy Commands;
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend againſt my GOD.

PSALM CXIX. The Twelfth Part.

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

I. *ver.* 153.

MY GOD, conſider my Diſtreſs,
Let Mercy plead my Cauſe;
Though I have ſinn'd againſt thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

II. *ver.* 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the ſharp Reproach
Which I ſo juſtly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

III. *ver.* 122, 135.

Be thou a Surety, LORD, for me;
Nor let the Proud oppreſs;
But make thy waiting Servant ſee
The Shinings of thy Face.

IV. *ver.* 82.

My Eyes with Expectation fail;
My Heart within me cries,
"When will the LORD his Truth fulfil,
"And make my Comforts riſe?"

V. *ver.* 132.

Look down upon my Sorrows, LORD,
And ſhew thy Grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To thoſe that love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. The Thirteenth Part.

Holy Fear, and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.

I. *ver.* 10.

With my whole Heart I've ſought thy Face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy Commands, O GOD of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinner's Way.

II. *ver.* 11.

Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting Guard
From ev'ry riſing Sin.

III. *ver.* 63, 53, 158.

I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the LORD;
My Sorrows riſe, my Nature faints,
When Men tranſgreſs thy Word.

IV. *ver.* 161, 163.

While Sinners do thy Goſpel wrong,
My Spirit ſtands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

V. *ver.* 161, 120.

My Heart with ſacred Rev'rence hears
The Threat'nings of thy Word;
My Fleſh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the LORD.

VI. *ver.* 166, 174.

My GOD, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation ſtill;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PSALM CXIX. The Fourteenth Part.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

I. *ver.* 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my Sorrows, LORD,
And thy Deliv'rance send;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end!

II. *ver.* 71.

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my GOD.

III. *ver.* 50.

This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Distress begins,
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

IV. *ver.* 92.

Had not thy Word been my Delight,
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul oppress with Sorrow's Weight
Had sunk amongst the Dead.

V. *ver.* 75.

I know thy Judgments, LORD, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest Suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

VI. *ver.* 67.

Before I knew thy chast'ning Rod
My Feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PSALM CXIX. The Fifteenth Part.

Holy Resolutions.

I. *ver.* 93.

O That thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

II. *ver.* 15, 16.

To meditate thy Precepts, LORD,
Shall be my sweet Employ;
My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

III. *ver.* 32.

How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart discharge
From Sin and Satan's hateful Chains,
And set my Feet at large?

IV. *ver.* 13, 46.

My Lips with Courage shall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll speak thy Word, tho' Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful Shame.

V. *ver.* 61, 69, 70.

Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

VI. *ver.* 115.

Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill;
I love my GOD, I love his Ways,
And must obey his Will.

PSALM CXIX. The Sixteenth Part.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

I. *ver.* 25, 37.

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt ;
LORD, give me Life divine ;
From vain Deſires, and ev'ry Luſt,
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine.

II.

I need the Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet aſtray.

III. *ver.* 107.

When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs ;
Thy Word that I have reſted on,
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

IV. *ver.* 156, 40.

Are not thy Mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And thou a faithful GOD ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road ?

V. *ver.* 159, 40.

Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face ;
And yet how ſlow my Spirits move,
Without enliv'ning Grace !

VI. *ver.* 93.

Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r,
To draw me near the LORD.

PSALM CXIX. The Seventeenth Part.

Courage and Perseverance under Persecution; or *Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

I. *ver.* 143, 28.

WHEN Pain and Anguish seize me, LORD,
All my Support is from thy Word;
My Soul dissolves for Heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning Grace.

II *ver.* 51, 69, 110.

The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lies,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin,
Yet thy Commands I ne'er decline.

III. *ver.* 161, 78.

They hate me, LORD, without a Cause;
They hate to see me love thy Laws;
But I will trust and fear thy Name,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

PSALM CXIX. The Last Part.

Sanctified Afflictions; or *Delight in the Word of* GOD.

I. *ver.* 67, 59.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chastising Rod,
That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to GOD!

II.

Foolish and vain I went astray;
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, LORD,
I left my Guide and lost my Way;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III. *ver.* 71.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to rise and swell:
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I may learn his Statutes well.

IV. *ver.* 72.

The Law that issues from thy Mouth,
Shall raise my chearful Passions more
Than all the Treasures of the South,
Or Western Hills of golden Ore.

V. *ver.* 73.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame;
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
And guard me safe from Death and Sin.

VI. *ver.* 74.

Then all that love and fear the LORD
At my Salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelsom Neighbours; or *A devout Wish for Peace.*

I.

THOU GOD of Love, thou Ever-blest,
Pity my suff'ring State;
When wilt thou set my Soul at Rest
From Lips that love Deceit?

II.

Hard Lot of mine! my Days are cast
Among the Sons of Strife,

Whose never-ceasing Brawlings waste
My golden Hours of Life.

III.

O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesom Wilderness,
And leave these Gates of Hell!

IV.

Peace is the Blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its Charms!
I am for Peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for Arms.

V.

New Passions still their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!

VI.

Should burning Arrows smite thee thro',
Strict Justice would approve:
But I had rather spare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

I hope the Transposition of several Verses of this Psalm is no Disadvantage to this Imitation of it. Nor will the Spirit of the Gospel, and Charity at the End, render it less agreeable to Christian Ears.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

I.

UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

II.

He lives: the everlasting God,
That built the World, that spread the Flood;
The Heav'ns with all their Hosts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

III.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning Smiles bless all the Day:
He spreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours while Isr'el sleeps.

IV.

Isr'el, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest:
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprise.

V.

No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy Couch! no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire from far.

VI.

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the LORD! his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

VII.

On thee foul Spirits have no Pow'r!
And in thy last departing Hour,
Angels that trace the airy Road
Shall bear thee homeward to thy GOD.

See the *Notes* on Psalm XLI.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preservation by Day and Night.

I.

TO Heaven I lift my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid:
The LORD who built the Earth and Skies
Is my perpetual Aid.

II.

Their Feet shall never slide or fall
Whom he designs to keep:
His Ear attends the softest Call;
His Eyes can never sleep.

III.

He will sustain our weakest Pow'rs
With his Almighty Arm,
And watch our most unguarded Hours
Against surprising Harm.

IV.

Isr'el rejoice and rest secure,
Thy Keeper is the LORD;
His wakeful Eyes employ his Pow'r
For thine eternal Guard.

V.

Nor scorching Sun, nor sickly Moon
Shall have his Leave to smite;
He shields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blasting Damps at Night.

VI.

He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickest Dangers come:
Go and return, secure from Death,
Till GOD commands thee Home.

Psalm CXXI, as the 148th Psalm.

God *our Preserver.*

I.

UPWARD I lift mine Eyes;
From God is all my Aid;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly:
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

II.

My Feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal Snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears.
Those wakeful Eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Isr'el keep
When Dangers rise.

III.

No burning Heats by Day,
Nor blasts of Ev'ning Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

IV.

Haſt thou not giv'n thy Word
To ſave my Soul from Death?
And I can truſt my LORD
To keep my mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

I.

HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly ſay,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the ſolemn Day!"

II.

I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace,
Stands like a Palace built for GOD,
To ſhew his milder Face.

III.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his Throne,
And ſits in Judgment there.

IV.

He hears our Praiſes and Complaints!
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this ſacred Place,
And Joy a conſtant Gueſt!

With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants bleſt!

VI.

My Soul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my beſt Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There GOD my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

I.

HOW pleas'd and bleſt was I
To hear the People cry,
"Come, let us ſeek our GOD to-day;"
Yes, with a chearful Zeal,
We haſte to Zion's Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

II.

Zion, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wondrous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred Goſpel's joyful Sound.

III.

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his Royal Throne,
He ſits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner ſad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

IV.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To bless the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
A thousand Blessings on him rest!

V.

My Tongue repeats her Vows,
"Peace to this sacred House!"
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th Stanza to complete the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with Submission.

I.

O Thou whose Grace and Justice reign,
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

II.

As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke!
Or Maids before their Mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful Look:

III.

So for our Sins we justly feel
Thy Discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till thou remove thy Rod.

IV.

Thoſe that in Wealth and Pleaſure live,
Our daily Grones deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Freſh Courage to their Pride.

V.

Our Foes inſult us, but our Hope
In thy Compaſſion lies;
This Thought ſhall bear our Spirits up,
That GOD will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the LORD, may Iſr'el ſay,
Had not the LORD maintain'd our Side,
When Men to make our Lives a Prey
Roſe like the Swelling of the Tide;

II.

The ſwelling Tide had ſtopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

III.

We leap for Joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal Stroke:
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

IV.

For ever bleſſed be the LORD,
Who broke the Fowler's curſed Snare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care!

V.

Our Help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
Who form'd the Earth and built the Skies;
He that upholds that wondrous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

I.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
That leans, O LORD, on Thee.

II.

Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy Ground,
As those eternal Arms of Love
That ev'ry Saint surround.

III.

While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge
To drive them near to GOD,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

IV.

Deal gently, LORD, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of Paradise,
Where CHRIST their LORD is gone.

V.

But if we trace those crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him first to Hell,
Shall smite his Followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Tryal and Safety; or *Moderated Afflictions.*

I.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their Souls on GOD;
Firm as the Mount where David dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

II.

As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground,
So GOD, and his Almighty Love,
Embrace his Saints around.

III.

What tho' a Father's Rod
Drop a chastising Stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.

IV.

Deal gently, LORD, with those
Whose Faith and pious Fear,
Whose Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

V.

Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saint;
The GOD of Isr'el will support
His Children, lest they faint.

VI.

But if our slavish Fear
Will choose the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

The last Stanza of this *Metre* more clearly expresses the true Sense of the Psalmist in this Place.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprising Deliverance.

I.

WHEN GOD restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our Theme;
The Grace beyond our Hopes so great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

II.

The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleasure shout thy Praise,
With cheatful Notes thy Love proclaim.

III.

When we review'd our dismal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they vanish'd so;
With GOD we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

IV.

The Man that in his furrow'd Field
His scatter'd Seed with Sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the Harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or *Melancholy removed.*

I.

WHEN GOD reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,
The Grace appear'd so great.

II.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurpriſing Grace:

III.

"Great is the Work," my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Pow'r divine;
"Great is the Work," my Heart reply'd,
"And be the Glory thine."

IV.

The LORD can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.

V.

Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings Home.

VI.

Tho' Seed lie bury'd long in Duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Grain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of GOD *in the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.*

I.

IF GOD ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt;
If GOD the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.

II.

What tho' you rise before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your Bread,
To shun that Poverty you dread;

III.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us Rest:
Children and Friends are Blessings too,
If God our Sov'reign make them so.

IV.

Happy the Man to whom he sends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How sweet our daily Comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his Love!

Psalm CXXVII. Common Metre.

God *all in all.*

I.

IF God to build the House deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns, without his wakeful Eye,
An useless Watch maintain;

II.

Before the Morning Beams arise,
Your painful Work renew,
And, till the Stars ascend the Skies,
Your tiresom Toil pursue;

III.

Short be your Sleep, and coarse your Fare;
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You shall have Food and Rest.

IV.

Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he ſends,
If ſent without his Love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Bleſſings.

I.

O Happy Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and rev'rend Awe!
His Lips to GOD their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

II.

A careful Providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Bleſſings ſhed.

III.

Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the LORD.

IV.

The LORD ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The LORD, who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings Home.

V.

This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Perfecutors punifhed.

I.

UP from my Youth, may Ifr'el fay,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were conftant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

II.

Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they aflail'd my riper Age,
But not deftroy'd my Life.

III.

Their cruel Plough had torn my Flefh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afrefh,
Nor let my Sorrows fleep.

IV.

The LORD grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye
Meafur'd the Mifchiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

V.

How was their Infolence furpris'd
To hear his Thunders roll!
And all the Foes of Sion feiz'd
With Horror to the Soul?

VI.

Thus fhall the Men that hate the Saints
Be blafted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

VII.

[What tho' they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their Growth ſhall periſh in Deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in Death.]

VIII.

[So Corn that on the Houſe-top ſtands,
No Hope of Harveſt gives;
The Reaper ne'er ſhall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves:

IX.

It ſprings and withers on the Place;
No Traveller beſtows
A Word of Bleſſing on the Graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

OUT of the Deeps of long Diſtreſs,
The Borders of Deſpair,
I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Grones to move thine Ear.

II.

Great GOD! ſhould thy ſeverer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.

III.

But there are Pardons with my GOD
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to Thee.

IV.

[I wait for thy Salvation, LORD,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

V.

[Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning-Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes:

VI.

So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt Op'ning of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]

VII.

[Then in the LORD let Iſr'el truſt,
Let Iſr'el ſeek his Face;
The LORD is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous in his Grace.

VIII.

There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Iſr'el ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

FROM deep Diſtreſs and troubled Thoughts,
To Thee, my GOD, I rais'd my Cries!
If thou ſeverely mark our Faults,
No Fleſh can ſtand before thine Eyes.

II. But

II.

But thou haſt built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to diſpenſe thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long, and wiſh for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my GOD his Face diſplay?

IV.

My Truſt is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls addreſs the LORD,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

V.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son:
He turns our Feet from ſinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and Submiſſion.

I.

IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious GOD, and ſee;
Or do I act a haughty Part?
LORD, I appeal to Thee.

II.

I charge my Thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my Carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

III.

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind,
Shall have a large Reward:
Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful LORD.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church; or *The Ordination of a Minister.*

I.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An Habitation for our GOD.
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood?

II.

The GOD of Jacob chose the Hill
Of Zion for his ancient Rest;
And Zion is his Dwelling still;
His Church is with his Presence blest.

III.

"Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
"And reign for ever, saith the LORD;
"Here shall my Pow'r and Love be known,
"And Blessings shall attend my Word.

IV.

"Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
"And fill their Souls with living Bread;
"Sinners that wait before my Door,
"With sweet Provision shall be fed.

V.

"Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
"My Priests, my Ministers shall shine;
"Not Aaron in his costly Dress
"Made an Appearance so divine.

VI.

" The Saints, unable to contain
" Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing,
" The Son of David here shall reign,
" And Zion triumph in her King.

VII.

" [JESUS shall see a num'rous Seed
" Born here, t' uphold his glorious Name;
" His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
" While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame."]

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Common Metre.

A Church established.

I.

[NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the LORD.

II.

The LORD in Zion plac'd his Name,
His Ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole Nation came
To worship thrice a Year.

III.

But we have no such Lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy Saints assemble now,
There is a House for GOD.]

PAUSE.

IV.

Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy Rest!

Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

V.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

VI.

Here, mighty GOD! accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread;

VII.

Here let the Son of David reign;
Let GOD's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Courts maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

VIII.

Here let him hold a laſting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

The Settlement of the Ark in Zion, is a fair Type of the Dwelling of CHRIST in his Churches; and I have ſo copied this Pſalm in both Metres, omitting the Verſes leſs neceſſary to this Senſe.

Stanza ii. *Thrice in the Year ſhall all your Male-Children appear before the Lord*, &c. Exod. xxxiv. 23.

Stanza iii. *Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the Midſt of them*, Matt. xviii. 20. *The Houſe of* GOD, *the Church*, &c. 1 Tim. iii 15.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

I.

LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,

Brethren, whose chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

II.

When Streams of Love from CHRIST the Spring
Descend to ev'ry Soul,
And heav'nly Peace, with balmy Wing,
Shades and bedews the Whole:

III.

'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend Head,
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments spread.

IV.

'Tis pleasant as the Morning-Dews
That fall on Sion's Hill,
Where GOD his mildest Glory shews,
And makes his Grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints; or *Love and Worship in a Family*.

I.

BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whose Hearts and Hopes are one,
Whose kind Designs to serve and please
Thro' all their Actions run.

II.

Blest is the pious House
Where Zeal and Friendship meet,
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows,
Make their Communion sweet.

III.

Thus when on Aaron's Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,

The Oil through all his Raiment ſpread,
And Pleaſure fill'd the Room.

IV.

Thus on the heav'nly Hills
The Saints are bleſt above,
Where Joy like Morning-Dew diſtils,
And all the Air is Love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122d Pſalm.

The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

I.

HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Stations move,
And each fulfil their Part
With ſympathiſing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

II.

'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On Aaron's ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet:
The Oil thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.

III.

Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew diſtils.

Repeat the firſt Stanza to complete the Tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

I.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy Place:
Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
And bless his wondrous Grace.

II.

Lift up your Hands by Morning Light,
And send your Souls on high:
Raise your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the starry Sky.

III.

The GOD of Zion chears our Hearts
With Rays of quick'ning Grace;
The GOD that spreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling Seas.

This Psalm, with several others near it, is called a *Song of Degrees*, that is, to be sung on the Steps ascending to the Tabernacle or Temple, as the Learned suppose: The *King and his Attendants* sung the two first Verses, addressing themselves to the *Levites* that kept the House of the LORD; and the third Verse is the *Response of the Levites to the King*. There was a Necessity of changing the Form of this Psalm, to suit it to our usual Christian Worship.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21.

The First Part. Long Metre.

The Church is GOD's *House and Care.*

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait;
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

II.

Praise ye the LORD; the LORD is good;
To praise his Name is sweet Employ:

Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

III.

The LORD himself will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their sore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry Age the LORD declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod;
He gives his suff'ring Servants Rest,
And will be known, Th' ALMIGHTY GOD.

V.

Bless ye the LORD, who taste his Love;
People and Priest exalt his Name:
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells;
His Church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXXV. 5—12. The Second Part. Long Metre.

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

I.

GREAT is the LORD, exalted high
Above all Pow'rs, and ev'ry Throne;
Whate'er he please in Earth or Sea,
Or Heav'n, or Hell, his Hand hath done.

II.

At his Command the Vapours rise,
The Lightnings flash, the Thunders rore;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind
And Tempests from his airy Store.

III.

'Twas he those dreadful Tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn Land;
When all thy First-born, Beasts and Men,
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.

IV.

What mighty Nations, mighty Kings
He slew, and their whole Country gave
To Isr'el, whom his Hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's Slave?

V.

His Pow'r the same, the same his Grace,
That saves us from the Hosts of Hell:
And Heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate Angels fell.

This Psalm was too long to be sung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two Parts conveniently, without transposing the Verses considerably, as in the Titles. The Ejection of the Canaanites, and the Inheritance of their Land given to Israel, is a fair Figure of the Inheritance of Heaven, given to the Saints, whence sinning Angels were ejected, as in the last Stanza.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to GOD, *not to Idols.*

I.

AWAKE, ye Saints: to praise your King
Your sweetest Passions raise,
Your pious Pleasure while you sing
Increasing with the Praise.

II.

Great is the LORD; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ;
But still his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treasure and his Joy.

III.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confeſs his Hand;
He bids the Vapours riſe;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep thro' the ſounding Skies.

IV.

All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But Heathen Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

V.

Which of the Stocks or Stones they truſt
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

[Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Maker's gave:
Their Feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor Hands have Pow'r to ſave.

VII.

Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

VIII.

O Britain, know the living GOD,
Serve him with Faith and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

This Pſalm is much abridged in this Metre, to reduce the moſt uſeful Parts of it to one ſhorter divine Song. In the 5th Stanza I have borrowed a Verſe from *Jer.* xiv. 22. *Are there any among the Vanities of the Gentiles that can cauſe Rain?*

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

GOD's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

I.

GIVE Thanks to GOD the Sov'reign LORD;
"His Mercies still endure,"
And be the King of Kings ador'd,
"His Truth is ever sure."

II.

What Wonders hath his Wisdom done!
"How mighty is his Hand!"
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, he fram'd alone:
"How wide is his Command!"

III.

The Sun supplies the Day with Light:
"How bright his Counsels shine!"
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
"His Works are all divine."

IV.

[He struck the Sons of Egypt dead:
"How dreadful is his Rod!"
And thence with Joy his People led:
"How gracious is our GOD!"

V.

He cleft the swelling Sea in two;
"His Arm is great in might;"
And gave the Tribes a Passage thro';
"His Pow'r and Grace unite.

VI.

But Pharaoh's Army there he drown'd;
"How glorious are his Ways!"

And brought his Saints thro' desert Ground
" Eternal be his Praise."

VII.

Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand;
" Victorious is his Sword;"
While Isr'el took the promis'd Land:
" And faithful is his Word."]

VIII.

He saw the Nations dead in Sin;
" He felt his Pity move:"
How sad the State the World was in!
" How boundless was his Love!

IX.

He sent to save us from our Woe;
" His Goodness never fails;"
From Death and Hell, and ev'ry Foe;
" And still his Grace prevails."

X.

Give Thanks to God the heav'nly King;
" His Mercies still endure."
Let the whole Earth his Praises sing;
" His Truth is ever sure."

In every Stanza of this Psalm I have endeavoured to imitate the *Chorus* or Burden of the Song, *For his Mercy endureth for ever*; and yet to maintain a perpetual Variety.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God most High,
Th' universal LORD;
The sov'reign King of Kings:
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

II.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

III.

His Wiſdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars,
To chear the darkſom Night.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

IV.

He ſmote the firſt born Sons,
The Flow'r of Egypt, dead;
And thence his choſen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

V.

His Pow'r and lifted Rod
Cleft the Red-ſea in two,
And for his People made
A wondrous Paſſage thro'.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

VI.

But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his Hoſt he drown'd,
And brought his Iſr'el ſafe
Thro' a long deſert Ground.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PAUSE. I.

VII.

The Kings of-Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful Hand;
While his own Servants took
Poſſeſſion of their Land.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.]

VIII.

He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

IX.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

X.

Give Thanks aloud to GOD,
To GOD the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious Earth
His Works and Glories sing.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

In this Metre and the next, I have maintained the *Chorus*, *For his Mercy endureth for ever*, in a double Form, to be used alternately, that is, in every other Stanza.

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Metre.

I.

GIVE to our GOD immortal Praise;
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways;
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II.

Give to the LORD of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

III.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
And fix'd the starry Lights on high:

Wonders of Grace to GOD belong;
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.

V.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

VI.

He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more.

VII.

He sent his Son with Pow'r to save
From Guilt and Darkness, and the Grave:
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

VIII.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

I.

[W]Ith all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my Song:

Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

II.

Angels that make thy Church their Care,
Shall witness my Devotion there,
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]

III.

I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, LORD;
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory show.

IV.

To GOD I cry'd when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes;
He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

V.

The GOD of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

VI.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

VII.

Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

Stanza I and II. *Angels* or *Kings* are the *Gods* before whom the Psalmist would sing Praise to his Creator; but common Christians

having so little of the Presence of *Kings* in their Worship, have mentioned only the Company of *Angels*.

PSALM CXXXIX. The First Part. Long Metre.

The All-seeing GOD.

I.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh, with all their Pow'rs.

II.

My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning Lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling Pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with GOD.

IV.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

V.

"O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
"Were'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker Passions dare
"Consent to Sin, for GOD is there."

PAUSE.

VI.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love;

Where, LORD, could I thy Presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

VII.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
And Satan grones beneath thy Chains.

VIII.

If, mounted on a Morning Ray,
I fly beyond the Western Sea,
Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

IX.

Or should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

X.

"O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker Passions dare
"Consent to Sin, for GOD is there."

PAUSE II.

XI.

The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy All-searching Eyes;
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
Thro' Midnight Shades, as blazing Noon.

XII.

Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great GOD, they're both alike to Thee;
Not Death can hide what GOD will spy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

XIII.

" O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
" Nor let my weaker Passions dare
" Consent to Sin, for GOD is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. The Second Part. Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

I.

'TWAS from thy Hand, my GOD, I came,
A Work of such a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.

II.

Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

III.

By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign Counsels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

IV.

At last to shew my Maker's Name,
GOD stamp'd his Image on my Frame,
And in some unknown Moment join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.

V.

There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man:
Great GOD, our Infant Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise!

PAUSE.

VI.

LORD, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

VII.

I could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

VIII.

These on my Heart are still impress,
With these I give my Eyes to rest;
And at my waking Hour I find
GOD and his Love possess my Mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. The Third Part. Long Metre.

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried; or *The Heart-searching* GOD.

I.

MY GOD, what inward Grief I feel
When impious Men transgress thy Will?
I mourn to hear their Lips profane
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

II.

Does not my Soul detest and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Those that oppose thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

III.

LORD, search my Soul, try ev'ry Thought;
Tho' my own Heart accuse me not

Of walking in a falſe Diſguiſe,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

IV.

Doth ſecret Miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

In this noble Pſalm I have not refuſed the Aid of my Predeceſſors, chiefly Mr Tate. In ſome Places where I have borrowed, I hope I have improved the Verſe: And in others, my own Deſign conſtrained me to leave out the Words of a more poetic Sound, ſuch as, *Infernal Plains, Morning's Wings, Weſtern Main, ſable Wings of Night, ſhapeleſs Embryo, Maze of Life*, &c. yet I have endeavoured to maintain the Spirit of the Pſalmiſt in plainer Language.

The *Epiphonema* or *the Burden of the Song*, that I have inſerted three times in the firſt Part, was not introduced by any means to add Beauty to the Poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient Lengths for Singing, which has too often confined the Ode, and debaſed it.

PSALM CXXXIX. The Firſt Part. Common Metre.

GOD *is every where.*

I.

IN all my vaſt Concerns with Thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To ſhun thy Preſence, LORD, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

II.

Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My Riſing and my Reſt,
My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.

III.

My Thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.

IV.

O wondrous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry Side.

V.

So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign Love.

PAUSE. I.

VI.

LORD, where ſhall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown;
In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne?

VII.

Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath,
To 'ſcape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

VIII.

If, wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light,
I fly beyond the Weſt,
Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Wou'd ſoon betray my Reſt.

IX.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

X.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Wisdom of GOD *in the Formation of Man.*

I.

WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
LORD, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possest,
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

III.

Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of ev'ry Part;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

IV.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Wind,
Shew me thy wondrous Skill;
But I review myself and find
Diviner Wonder still.

V.

Thy awful Glories round me shine;
My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;
LORD, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. The Third Part. Common Metre.

The Mercies of GOD *innumerable.*

An Evening Psalm.

I.

LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with Surpriſe;
Not all the Sands that ſpread the Shore
To equal Numbers riſe.

II.

My Fleſh with Fear and Wonder ſtands,
The Product of thy Skill;
And hourly Bleſſings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

III.

Theſe on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep,
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

PSALM CXLI. *ver.* 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulneſs and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Pſalm.

I.

MY GOD, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning Incenſe in thine Houſe:
And let my Nightly Worſhip riſe
Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.

II.

Watch o'er my Lips and guard them, LORD,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

III.

O may the Righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite, and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but cheer my Head.

IV.

When I behold them preſt with Grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

GOD is the Hope of the Helpleſs.

I.

TO GOD I made my Sorrows known;
From GOD I ſought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief.

II.

My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes;
My Heart began to break;
My GOD, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

III.

On ev'ry Side I caſt mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone;
While Friends and Strangers paſt me by
Neglected, or unknown.

IV.

Then did I raiſe a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercy near;
"Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be thou my Refuge here."

V.

LORD, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,
And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.

VI.

From my sad Prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy Name;
And holy Men shall join with me
Thy Kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

I.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious GOD!
Hear when I spread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne;
O make thy Truth and Mercy known.

II.

Let Judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Justice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltless there.

III.

Look down in Pity, LORD, and see
The mighty Woes that burden me:
Down to the Dust my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

IV.

I dwell in Darkness and unseen;
My Heart is desolate within:
My Thoughts in musing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.

V.

Thence I derive a Glimpse of Hope,
To bear my sinking Spirits up;
I stretch my Hands to GOD again,
And thirst like parched Lands for Rain.

VI.

For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling Face return?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove;
And GOD for ever hide his Love?

VII.

My GOD, thy long Delay to save,
Will sink thy Pris'ner to the Grave;
My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

VIII.

The Night is witness to my Tears,
Distressing Pains, distressing Fears;
O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
How would my weary'd Pow'rs rejoice!

IX.

In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tiresom Hours away.

X.

Break off my Fetters, LORD, and show
Which is the Path my Feet should go;
If Snares and Foes beset the Road,
I flee to hide me near my GOD.

XI.

Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

XII.

Then shall my Soul no more complain;
The Tempter then shall rage in vain;
And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *ver.* 1, 2. The First Part.

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

I.

FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

II.

When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

III.

A Friend and Helper so divine,
Does my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

The Sense of a great Part of this Psalm is found often repeated in the Book of Psalms. I have therefore only taken three small Parts of it, and formed three distinct Hymns on very different Subjects.

PSALM CXLIV. *ver.* 3, 4, 5, 6. The Second Part.

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of GOD.

I.

LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?

His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the Duſt.

II.

O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That God ſhould make it his Concern
To viſit him with Grace!

III.

That God, who darts his Lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wondrous is his Love!

PSALM CXLIV. *ver.* 12—15. The Third Part.

Grace above Riches; or *the happy Nation.*

I.

HAPPY the City, where their Sons,
Like Pillars round a Palace ſet,
And Daughters, bright as poliſh'd Stones,
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.

II.

Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle and Corn have large increaſe;
Where Men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break their Peace.

III.

Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſt are thoſe
On whom the All-ſufficient God
Himſelf with all his Grace beſtows.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

The Greatneſs of God.

I.

MY God, my King, thy various Praiſe
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:

Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue,
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

II.

The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And ev'ry setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.

III.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
Thy Mercy swift, thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

IV.

Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine;
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let Britain round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

V.

Let distant Times and Nations raise
The long Succession of thy Praise:
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

VI.

But who can speak thy wondrous Deeds:
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways!
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

The Verses of this Psalm are here transposed in this manner, namely, 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 3.

PSALM CXLV. 1—7, 11—13.

The First Part.

The Greatness of GOD.

I.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my GOD of Love;

My Work and Joy shall be the same,
In the bright World above.

II.

Great is the LORD, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praise be great:
I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

III.

Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue!
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my sacred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.

IV.

Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations sound thy Praise.

V.

Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall thro' the World be known;
Thine Arm of Pow'r, thy heav'nly State,
With public Splendor shown.

VI.

The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom stands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. The Second Part.

The Goodness of GOD.

I.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King!
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
And ev'ry Want supplies.

III.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food,
Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

IV.

How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!
How slow thine Anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning Word,
To chear the Souls he loves.

V.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim;
But Saints that taste thy richer Grace,
Delight to bless thy Name.

The Verses of this Psalm are here transposed thus, 7, 9, 15, 16, 8, 10.

Psalm CXLV. 14, 17, &c. The Third Part.

Mercy to Sufferers; or God *hearing Prayer.*

I.

LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all:
Thy strengthning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raise the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

III.

The LORD supports our tott'ring Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:
Holy and Juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

IV.

He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil,
His Grace is ever nigh.

V.

His Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Heart ſincere;
He ſaves the Souls whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

VI.

[His ſtubborn Foes his Sword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain;
But none that ſerve the LORD ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his Aid in vain."]

VII.

[My Lips ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe,
And ſpread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of Adam raiſe
The Honours of their GOD.]

The various Tranſpoſitions that I have made in ſeveral Parts of this Pſalm, were neceſſary to divide it into proper Lengths for Public Worſhip, and to reduce the Verſes of a like Senſe together.

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD *for his Goodneſs and Truth.*

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, my Heart ſhall join
In Work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while the Fleſh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul aſcends to GOD.

II.

Praise shall employ my noblest Pow'rs,
While Immortality endures;
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last.

III.

Why should I make a Man my Trust?
Princes must die and turn to Dust;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour.

IV.

Happy the Man, whose Hopes rely
On Isr'el's God; He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train;
And none shall find his Promise vain.

V.

His Truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' Oppress, he feeds the Poor;
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

VI.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord supports the sinking Mind;
He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless.

VII.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well;
But turns the Wicked down to Hell.
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

This Psalm consists so much of single Sentences, that a small and easy Transposition of the Verses, with a very few Lines added, will afford a Metre to *the Tune of* 113*th Psalm*, with a Repetition of the first Stanza at the End to complete the Tune, as follows.

Psalm CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God *for his Goodness and Truth.*

I.

I'LL praise my Maker with my Breath;
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

II.

Why should I make a Man my Trust?
Princes must die and turn to Dust:
Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts, all vanish in an Hour;
Nor can they make their Promise good.

III.

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
On Isr'el's God: He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train;
His Truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' Oppress, he feeds the Poor;
And none shall find his Promise vain.

IV.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind:
The Lord supports the sinking Mind;
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace;
He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

V.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well;
But turns the Wicked down to Hell.
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;

Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage;
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

VI.

I'll praise Him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. The First Part.

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

II.

The LORD builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers Nations to his Name:
His Mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.

III.

He form'd the Stars, those heavenly Flames;
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

IV.

Great is our LORD, and great his Might:
And all his Glories infinite.
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

PAUSE.

V.

Sing to the LORD, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds all round the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

VI.

He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn:
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

VII.

What is the Creature's Skill or Force?
The ſprightly Man, the warlike Horſe,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for him.

VIII.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight:
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks, and loves his Image there.

PSALM CXLVII. The Second Part.

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

I.

O Britain, praiſe thy mighty GOD,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bids the Ocean round thee flow;
Nor Bars of Braſs could guard thee ſo.

II.

Thy Children are ſecure and bleſt;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Reſt;

He feeds thy Sons with fineſt Wheat,
And adds his Bleſſing to their Meat.

III.

Thy changing Seaſons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter Rains;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing Corn defends.

IV.

With hoary Froſt he ſtrews the Ground;
His Hail deſcends with clatt'ring Sound:
Where is the Man ſo vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?

V.

He bids the Southern Breezes blow:
The Ice diſſolves, the Waters flow:
But he hath nobler Works and Ways
To call the Britons to his Praiſe.

VI.

To all the Iſle his Laws are ſhown;
His Goſpel through the Nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To ev'ry Land: Praiſe ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9, 13—18.
Common Metre.

The Seaſons of the Year.

I.

WITH Songs and Honours ſounding loud
Addreſs the LORD on high;
Over the Heav'ns he ſpreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky.

II.

He ſends his Show'rs of Bleſſings down
To chear the Plains below;

He makes the Graſs the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing Ox his Meat;
He hears the Ravens cry:
But Man, who taſtes his fineſt Wheat,
Should raiſe his Honours high.

IV.

His ſteady Counſels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut ſhort his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.

V.

His hoary Froſt, his fleecy Snow,
Deſcend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In icy Fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his GOD defy
Shall find his Courage fail.

VII.

He ſends his Word and melts the Snow;
The Fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

VIII.

The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word:
With Songs and Honours ſounding loud
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to GOD from all Creatures.

I.

YE Tribes of Adam join
With Heav'n and Earth and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praise.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

II.

Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praise,
With Stars of twinkling Light.
His Pow'r declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

III.

The shining Worlds above,
In glorious Order stand,
Or in swift Courses move
By his supreme Command.
He spake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To praise the LORD.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages past,
And each his Word fulfils
While Time and Nature last.

In diff'rent Ways
His Works proclaim
His wondrous Name,
And ſpeak his Praiſe.

PAUSE.

V.

Let all the Earth-born Race,
And Monſters of the Deep,
The Fiſh that cleave the Seas,
Or in their Boſom ſleep;
From Sea and Shore
Their Tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's Pow'r.

VI.

Ye Vapours, Hail and Snow,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty LORD,
And ſtormy Winds that blow,
To execute his Word.
When Lightnings ſhine,
Or Thunders rore,
Let Earth adore
His Hand divine.

VII.

Ye Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size,
That Fruit in Plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies and Worms,
In various Forms,
Exalt his Name.

VIII.

Ye Kings and Judges fear
The LORD, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly Honours sing.
Nor let the Dream
Of Pow'r and State,
Make you forget
His Pow'r supreme.

IX.

Virgins and Youth engage
To sound his Praise divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feebler Voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His Name be sung
By ev'ry Tongue
In endless Strains.

X.

Let all the Nations fear
The GOD that rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taste his Love.
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praise,
His Saints shall raise
His Honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphrased in Long Metre.

Universal Praise to GOD.

I.

LOUD Hallelujahs to the LORD
From distant Worlds where Creatures dwell;

Let Heav'n begin the ſolemn Word,
And ſound it dreadful down to Hell.

This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old 112th, or 127th Pſalm, if theſe two Lines be added to every Stanza, namely,

Each of his Works his Name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the Praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual Tunes of the *Long Metre*.

II.

The LORD! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry Angel bend thee Knee,
Sing of his Love in heav'nly Strains,
And ſpeak how fierce his Terrors be.

III.

High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of ſhining Bliſs:
Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.

IV.

Awake, ye Tempeſts, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praiſe declare;
And the ſweet Whiſper of his Name
Fill ev'ry gentler Breeze of Air.

V.

Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree
To join their Praiſe with blazing Fire:
Let the firm Earth, and rolling Sea,
In this eternal Song conſpire.

VI.

Ye flow'ry Plains, proclaim his Skill;
Valleys lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praiſe from ev'ry Hill,
Riſe tuneful to the neighb'ring Sky.

VII.

Ye ſtubborn Oaks and ſtately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore:

Praise him, ye Beasts, in diff'rent Strains;
The Lamb must bleat, the Lion rore.

VIII.

Birds, ye must make his Praise your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you;
While the dumb Fish that cut the Stream
Leap up, and mean his Praises too.

IX.

Mortals, can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you sings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains, and lofty Kings!

X.

Wide as his vast Dominion lies
Make the Creator's Name be known;
Loud as his Thunder shout his Praise,
And sound it lofty as his Throne.

XI.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious Word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry Tongue!
But Saints who best have known the LORD,
Are bound to raise the noblest Song.

XII.

Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry Chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud Hallelujahs to the LORD!

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

LET ev'ry Creature join
To praise th' eternal GOD;
Ye heav'nly Hosts, the Song begin,
And sound his Name abroad.

II.

Thou Sun with golden Beams,
Thou Moon with paler Rays,
Ye ſtarry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe.

III.

He built thoſe Worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous Frame;
By his Command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his Name.

IV.

Ye Vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow,
Ye Thunders, murm'ring round the Skies,
His Pow'r and Glory ſhow.

V.

Wind, Hail, and flaſhing Fire,
Agree to praiſe the LORD,
When ye in dreadful Storms conſpire
To execute his Word.

VI.

By all his Works above
His Honours be expreſt;
But Saints that taſte his ſaving Love,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PAUSE I.

VII.

Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praiſe;
Praiſe him, ye wat'ry Worlds below,
And Monſters of the Seas.

VIII.

From Mountains near the Sky
Let his high Praiſe reſound,

From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
And Vales and Fields around.

IX.

Ye Lions of the Wood,
And tamer Beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praise.

X.

Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry Boughs and sing
Your Maker's Glory there.

XI.

Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wisdom show;
And Flies in all your shining Swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.

XII.

By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be expreſt,
But Saints that know his heav'nly Grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

XIII.

Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign Hand
Whence all your Honours spring.

XIV.

Let vig'rous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high;
While growing Babes, and with'ring Age,
Their feebler Voices try.

XV.

United Zeal be shown
His wondrous Fame to raise;
GOD is the LORD: His Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.

XVI.

Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But Saints that dwell so near his Heart,
Should sing his Praises best.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise GOD all his Saints; or *The Saints judging the World.*

I.

ALL ye that love the LORD rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidst the Church with chearful Voice
His later Wonders shew.

II.

The Jews, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing:
And Gentile Nations join the Praise,
While Zion owns her King.

III.

The LORD takes Pleasure in the Just,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn;
The Meek that lie despis'd in Dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

IV.

Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying Bed:
And like the Souls in Glory sing;
For GOD shall raise the Dead.

V. Then

V.

Then his high Praise shall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands shall wield the Sword;
And Vengeance shall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the LORD.

VI.

When CHRIST his Judgment-seat ascends
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

VII.

Then shall they rule with iron Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the Sentence of their God
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

VIII.

The Royal Sinners bound in Chains,
New Triumphs shall afford;
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praise ye and love the LORD.

This Psalm seems to be written to encourage the Jews in their Wars against the Heathen Princes of Canaan, who were divinely sentenced to Destruction: But the four last Verses of it have been too much abused in later Ages to promote Sedition and Disturbance in the State; so that I chose to reser this *Honour*, that is here given to *all the Saints*, to the Day of Judgment, according to those Expressions in the New Testament, *Matt.* xix. 28. *Ye shall sit on twelve Thrones, judging the Tribes*, &c 1 Cor. vi. 3. *We shall judge Angels*, Rev. ii. 27. and iii. 21. *I will give him Power over the Nations, he shall rule them with a Rod of Iron*, &c.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praise.

I.

IN GOD's own House pronounce his Praise,
His Grace He there reveals;
To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raise,
For there his Glory dwells.

II.

Let all your sacred Passions move,
While you rehearse his Deeds;
But the great Work of saving Love,
Your highest Praise exceeds.

III.

All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul shall praise Him best.

The greatest Part of this Psalm suits not my chief Design; I have therefore imitated only the two first Verses and the last, in a short *Doxology*, or Song of Praise.

Yet since the Christian Doxology is more used in Christian Assemblies, I have added that also.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints that love the LORD.

Common Metre, Where the Tune includes two Stanzas.

I.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death;
Who saves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

II.

To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the 113th Pſalm.

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Praiſe and Glory giv'n,
Thro' all the Worlds where GOD is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

As the 148th Pſalm.

TO GOD the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe:
Glory to GOD the Son,
To GOD the Spirit Praiſe:
With all our Powr's,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

THE END.

AN INDEX, OR TABLE to find a Psalm suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, *In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a Confusion of Figures. What is sought in any Psalm, may easily be found by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what Word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same Signification: Or, seek it under some of the more general Words, such as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, *&c.*

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In the Tenor Part

fitted to

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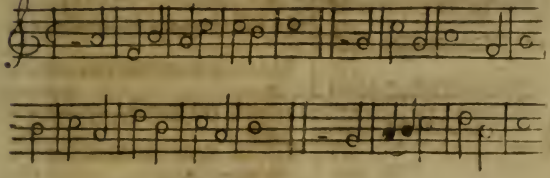

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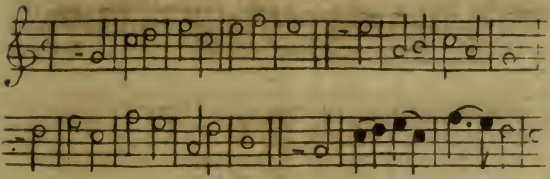

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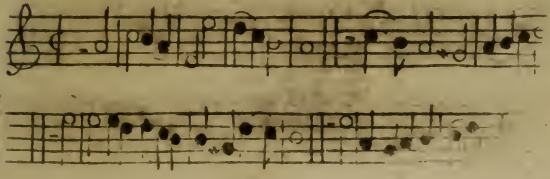

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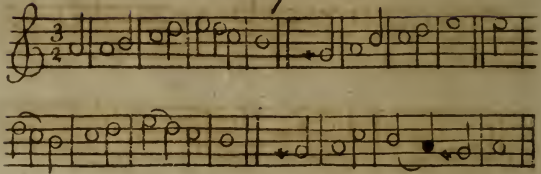

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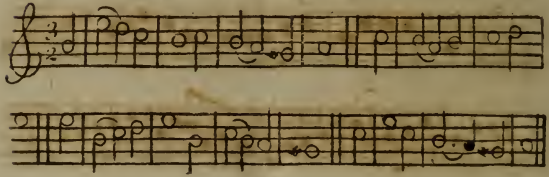

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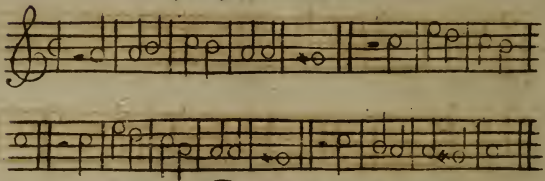

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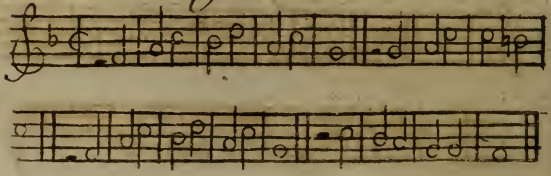

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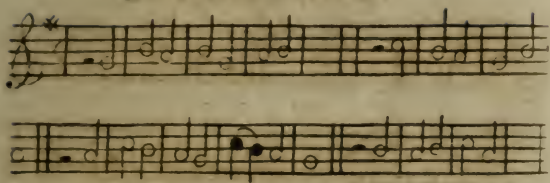

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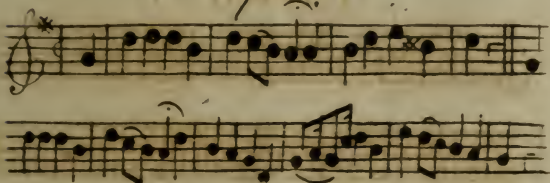

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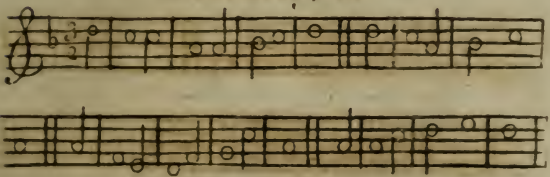

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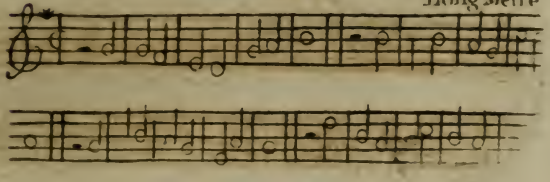
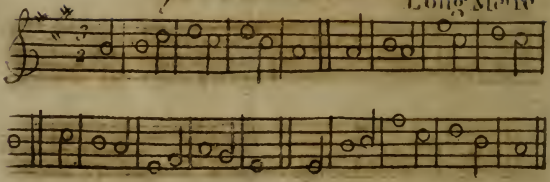
Long Metre

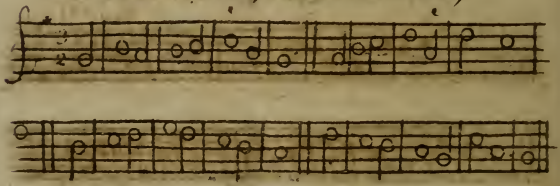


Green's 100th

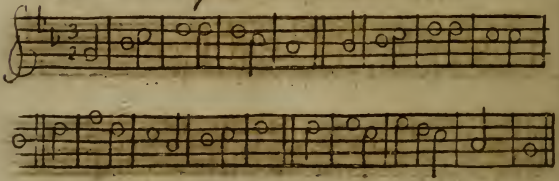
Long Metre



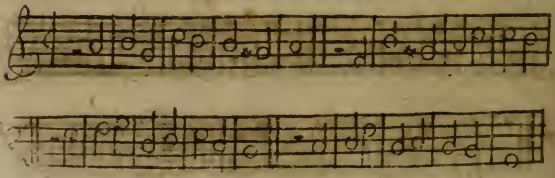
The Angels Song



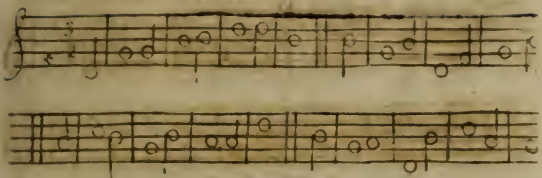
Babylon Streams.



French 100th

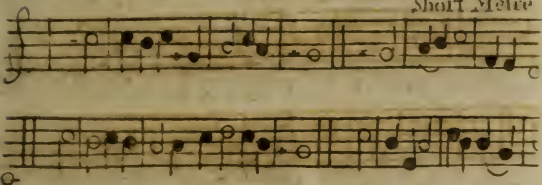


Whitchurch

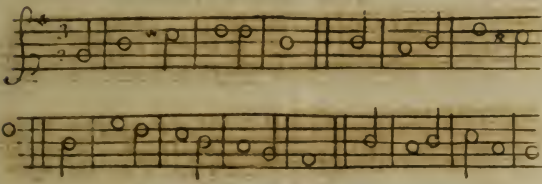


Southwell new

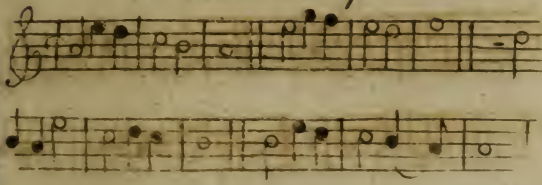
Short Metre



Farnham

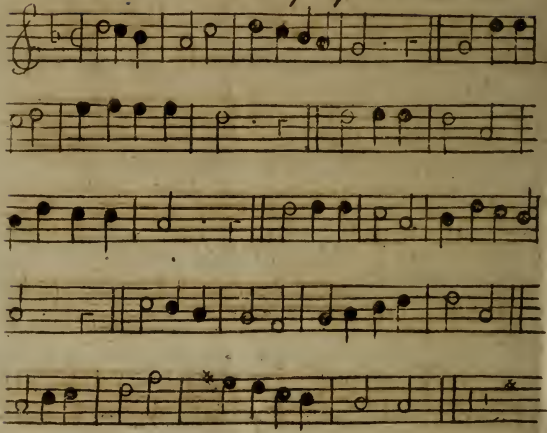


Aldbury.

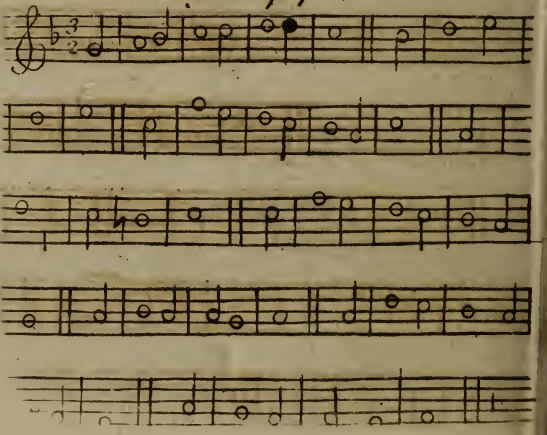


Old Fifty th

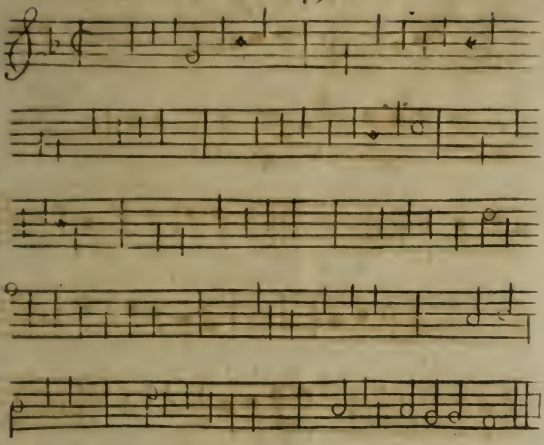
Double



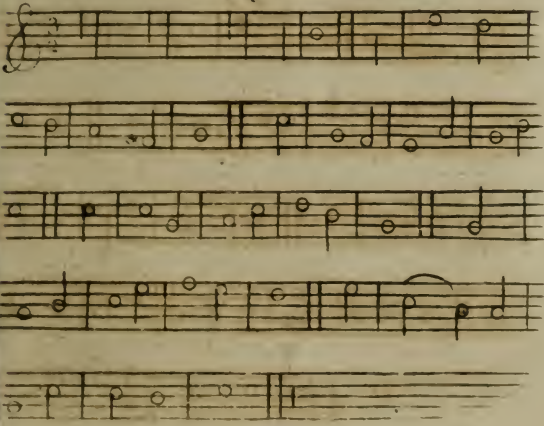
Eighty first.



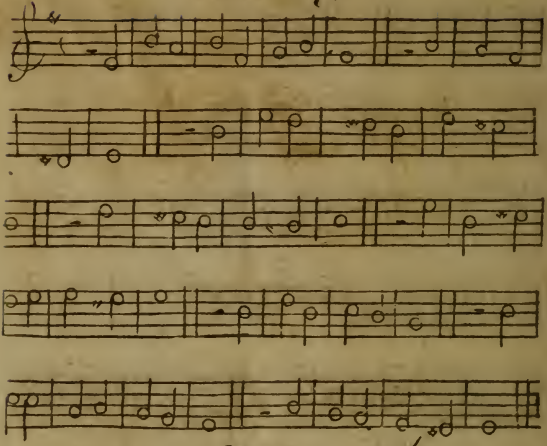
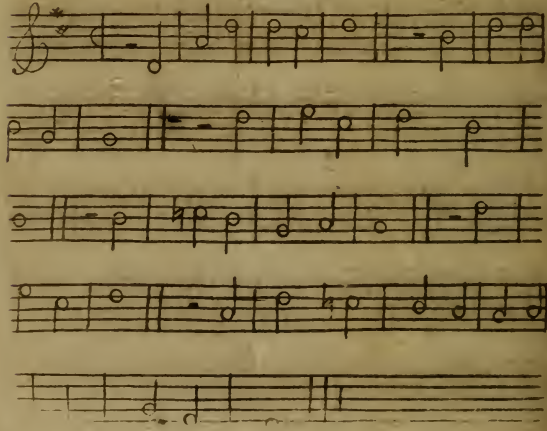
Old 113th



Mr. Jennings 113th



Old 119th



Old 148th